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INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.

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Original Articles.

THY FIRST GREY HAIR.

—“On one of these lofty summits, high above the dense clouds, we found, to our astonishment, that our shadows lay extended on both sides of us. The place was solemn. It seemed that the floating mist reflected what our past course had been, and what our future was to be.”—*Alpine Traveller.*

On Alpine peak of lofty height,
Where golden beams of glist'ning light
Hang floods of blaze, and shadows play
Above the clouds at set of Day;
And distant sounds, in echoes break,
Mysterious, o'er the vapory Lake,
A place is found of solemn dread,
Where Past and Future yield their dead.

The Trav'ler o'er the wondrous height,
Astonished, pauses in his flight!
On either side by distant Sun,
The shadow of his form is run;
Before, behind the outline's seen,
'Mid Heaven and Earth in misty sheen!
The Future and the Past meet there;—
He reads their impress on the air!

On such a solemn height, we stand,
When Age to Youth joins trembling hand,
And cheerful feelings gaily wing
O'er darker thoughts, and mournful bring
The shadowy outlines, dim defined,
Of Past and Future, o'er the mind,—
An echo of ourselves is there,
All indistinct:—“thy first grey hair!”

Forsooth, the mountain peak is gay,
All smiling with the parting ray
Of sun of youth, but treach'rous care
Has left his foot-prints on thy hair;
And Flowerets gay, and Meadows green,
Are damp with dews of Hippocrene;—
The Genius of the Grave is there,
And grasps his hold—“thy first grey hair!”

Leave, leave ye baseless dreams of youth!
Wake, wake ye hopes of Age and Truth!
The fulgent circle of thy Life,
Like argent Moon in fullness rife,
Begins to wane, as greyer light
Is wid'ning inward into Night!
Now for your watchword; read it there,
In sombre sounds;—“thy first grey hair!”

The goal is won; we're at the height,
Where day must wane to dusky night;

And earnest thought within will rise,
As shadows wrap thy noon-day skies;
And serious as the sight afar,
Of wasting Arno's warning star,
Will be the view, apparant there,
Of that sad sign—“thy first grey hair!”

Enough! with solemn awe we greet
Old Age crouched mournful at our feet!
Now for the throw! the throw is Life.
Then struggle sternly in the strife!
Rouse for the dusky battle ground;
Tread firm to duty's harshest sound:
Resistless strokes of Fate then bear,
Urged by the words—“thy first grey hair!”

Now steal the years with silent pace!
No power avails to stay the race.
From youth is brushed its bright array;
From age is torn the shroud away.
But Life's great end—its glorious part—
Demandeth still—*be pure in heart!*
A call to thee, that emblem rare!
A gift to thee—“thy first grey hair!”

Down, down the solemn vale of years,
Cast, cast aloof your useless fears!
Be wise to clothe the soul with light,
And make the deathless spirit bright;
And cheered by joys of youthful days,
Wake courage for life's sterner ways;
And for your watchward, read it there,
In those charmed words—“thy first grey hair.”
HIGHLAND, Vt., Sept., 1849.

“GOOD NIGHT.”

BY C. S.

Good night;—good night;—'t is time we part
With languid pulse and heavy heart:—
Forgive the tear, for we must sever
To meet, perhaps, no more forever;
“Good night.”

Good night;—I hear the midnight bell,
And the watchman crying “All is well;”
Yet a moment still, for there sweetly stirred
A spirit-voice in thy parting word,
“Good night.”

Good night;—must I so soon away,
To meet the merry and the gay?
Yet, as I linger by thy side,
Be not the last adieu denied;—
“Good night.”

Good night;—good night;—'tis sweet to part
With hand in hand and heart to heart;
O who could wish for greater bliss,
Than thus to snatch thy parting kiss?
“Good night.”

FABIUS, Sept., 1849.

THE PRESIDENT STORIES;

OR,

SEVEN NIGHTS AT WELCH'S.

BY CHARLES ACTON.

O how fiercely the storm beat upon the weather-stained walls of that memorable house, as the Seven composed themselves to listen to the history of their fifth President! How angrily the hail battered the windows, and the biting blast careered past its eaves and around its corners, in vain search for some entrance to the warm group within! And how savagely it howled out its disappointment and retreating for the moment for a renewed effort, left all silent for a short space, without, while all was hilarity and enjoyment within.—And there they were again, those seven men who had created for themselves a new existence in their fraternal bond; mingling, as ever, jest and sentiment with their kindly cheer, and ever planning new schemes for the benefit of their fellow men and the discomfiture of evil.

This President was a man not so remarkable at first glance, for form or feature, as some of his comrades; yet, on looking again, you saw that in his steady blue eye, firm, yet gentle manner, and complete self-repose, that spoke the worthy comrade of all.

His story he calls

SIRE AND SON.

My childhood was a life of dreams. The first impression retained by memory, is as a beautiful vision; it dwells still, as ever bright and fair, within my soul, to glad it in despondency—to chasten it in glee.

The passion earliest developed in my soul, was music. Years ago—so far that it seems dim in the recesses of a hundred ages—I can remember sitting by the brook's side, in a Summer's night, and weaving its murmurs into strains of melody, and clothing the cheerful song of the humble frog, with the fairy charm of an ideal tune. The chirp of the cricket, so long celebrated in the poet's lay, took, to my ear, the soft echoing of a vesper chime; the

lark's matin was perpetually a hymn of praise.—Wander where I would, the spirit of music was upon me, to soften and console. No din could drive it thence; it could only change it to the grand measures of a battle-anthem. No quiet could lull it to rest; it took, then, the gentle, whispering melody of an ancient strain, half-faded from memory.

And thus did my youth pass, in harmonious dreams; I enjoyed an ideal existence. The only son of fond parents, unused to toil or sorrow—reared with the gentlest care, ignorant of all the practical ills of life—my prevailing taste absorbed all others less strong, and I yielded to an influence of which I knew nothing but its existence. No attempt, for years, was made to educate; Nature was allowed her course. What a study should I have been for a Rousseau!

But the time came when I must begin the experience of life. My fancies were no longer of music, alone; others would mingle, as I took cognizance of events. I had learned to read, as by intuition; and Jack-the-Giant-Killer would come up before me in the performance of his wonderful feats, or Robinson Crusoe, with his man Friday in his solitary isle, to chase away the sweet notes, and fill their place with imaginings of another hue.—Some thoughts of the future, too, began to intrude, and airy castles rose before my bewildered fancy, promising more than ever these nursery romances had taught.

It is well known to you, gentlemen, that I am no musician; I never performed a single piece. Nay, even now, I can scarcely be said to relish the harmony of sounds whereof I retain such distinct and pleasing recollections. For this change I can scarcely account. But it seems that my organization admitted of no ability to execute the brilliant conceptions of the brain, and therefore the faculty died within me for lack of culture; the silent voice perished for want of utterance. A fit emblem of many a gentle spirit, which dies amidst the crowd and jostle of life, without the power to give forth the divine promptings of its own more heavenly nature. And thus it is that manhood often swallows up the divinity of youth. Yet do I believe that those glorious fancies are treasured in the brain, beneath the grosser ware which life has piled in upon them; and that, when I die, they will rush forth with renewed sweetness, to mingle with the songs of seraphs, and bathe my soul anew with delight.

At the age of eight years, the scene shifted.—The bright land of song and romance waxed indistinct to my vision, and a soberer landscape grew upon it. I was sent to school. Parted, for the first time, from my idolizing parents—sent out from the still quietude of such a home as mine, to take lessons, for the first time, in the ruder experience of actual life, it is no wonder if the gentle spirits which had ministered to me, shrunk from the rude contact and fled away into solitude. I had never mingled with children; our dwelling, remote from neighbors, was the theater of no convivial scenes. Thus, when I first listened to the noisy din, the uproarious mirth, the wrangling of the school-ground, and was subjected to the rugged discipline of both teacher and pupils, I felt like one who had been suddenly thrust forth from an Eden, to toil amid rocks and deserts.

It is common experience, that such a child as I have described, must suffer greatly from the assumptions of older and more worldly comrades.—Such did I. And it is as common that such an impractical, inefficient, bashful one, finds, in some one of his companions, a friend and champion. We

always admire in others the qualities which ourselves lack; the timid consort with the bold, the patient with the rash, the gentle with the rough. My history was slightly different from that of most, as became one so general an exception to common experience. I found a friend, indeed, but it was like finding an elder sister. Instead of a boy-champion, tall, strong and courageous, I became the protégé of a young girl, my senior some four years.

But do not think that my protection was anything less efficient than it would have been from the school-bully, himself. No; for everything yielded to the influence of the high-spirited KATE MALCOLM, as though she had been a being of another sphere. A girl of twelve years, held her scepter with a hand as firm, and governed with a will as absolute, as ever the royal heroines of history.

Any description of her, must necessarily be imperfect; I will, therefore, only say that she was of a stature and form, whose characteristics were dignity and grace; the first just enough softened by the latter to retain the feminine charm, without imparting its idea of weakness. But the power was in her voice and eye; the wonderful compass and flexibility of the one, and the laughing glance of the other, operating with the potency of magnetism on those around. Everywhere, she was the idol of all; admired, caressed, feared, and confided in.

And that voice, how she could sing! It might be this that first attracted my juvenile impulses; her songs seemed an echo of my own, secret inspiration. Certain I am, that the first time I listened to "Sweet Afton" as it gushed forth from those lips, I felt that I was in the familiar presence of those spirits whose mystic and indistinct ministrations I had ever enjoyed; and that she must be gifted with higher powers than were given to mortals; so I went timidly up to her, and looking full in her sweet, clear eyes, asked her if she would come and live with me and always sing such songs as I have just heard.

Of course, she thought me an odd little being; but in her surprise, there was nothing of displeasure. On the contrary, she regarded me with a kind of fond admiration; bestowed on me certain slight caresses, such as young girls are always ready to give, and became my protectress and friend. From that moment, I knew nothing of persecution from my mates.

A year sped on, after this, very happily. No bookworm was ever more punctual to his task than I; for, did I not each day see my sister Kate, as I called her, smile on my good lessons, or look sad over my poor ones? No idler better enjoyed his sports; for was not Kate the life and soul of all frolic? Thus sped a happy year; opening continually new springs of happiness in my young heart; drowning, indeed, the solitary voices which had cheered my childish loneliness, but creating new ones which whispered of other delights. But that year—that happy year!—alas! its close was marked by woe. Its last sands told the last moments, on earth, of my gentle mother.

O! the sorrow of a young heart! Manhood may have its griefs—anguish that wings the proud spirit with a power childhood knows not of;—but has it not, besides, the strength of manhood to support it? It is precisely when the natural feelings become callous and dead to the finer emotions, that power of will is given to sustain the soul.—But in childhood,—delicate, earnest, passionate childhood—grief seizes on tender and unpracticed fibres, and wings them remorselessly when there is no power of pride or firmness to resist. These reflections come with the remembrance of my

agony, when my idolized mother lay for many terrible days in that last suspense, her spirit hovering between earth and heaven, and I completely conscious of the dread calamity with which I was threatened. I scarcely ate; sleep visited my eyes only for brief and unfrequent moments, and then to bring dreams worse than my waking fancies. I could weep; and in that I found a child's relief.

At last, the struggle ceased, and Heaven gained another saint. My gentle, loving mother, was dead.

They told me this, and my anguish burst forth anew. It could not be; she only slept. They must be mistaken; she would not leave her child, without one word of parting.

They led me softly into the room. I had stifled my grief by a mighty effort, and imagined that I was calm. Calm! child that I was. We approached the bed, surrounded by weeping friends. Lowest of all, I saw bowed the noble head of my father. I stole softly to his side, and almost *knew* that she would smile upon us as of old. One glance at her pallid features, destroyed the illusion. They were beautiful, still—O how beautiful!—but cold and rigid and meaningless. I threw myself on her bosom, and gave way to the agony of inconsolable sorrow.

—I remember it all, with a fearful distinctness; the ghostly faces that filled the rooms—the suppressed voices that whispered to each the necessary directions—the noiseless footsteps that stole through the house like the gliding of shadows.—And then, too, came back, for a space, my spirit-voices; but now their tones were low and sad; they chanted only solemn dirges in my ear, and woeful anthems for the dead.

Then came the funeral. The neighbors gathered in to pay the last duties; the old minister consecrated the hour with prayer and holy lessons to the living; the ground received that loved form, and then, truly, I felt that I was alone.

Where, during all this sore trial, was my sister Kate? At the first news of my mother's illness she had flown thither; always first, child though she was, at the couch of suffering as well as the gala of mirth. She would have offered me consolation, but could not; here, she was powerless. For me, there was truly "no balm in Gilead."

As days and weeks passed away, Time's busy fingers wore off the keen traces of grief from my childish heart. My sorrow, I knew, had been unusually deep; the angel qualities of the friend I had lost, and my own susceptibility of emotion, wrought on me with remarkable power. But all things yield to Time; and it was when I began to awake from the depth of my despair, that my wounded spirit consented to the ministrations of my new friend.

I shall pass rapidly over the scenes of the next five years. They would present little of interest to you, though full of the most exciting to me. I spent them mostly in the society of Kate, whose parents had taken me, on my mother's death, and at the instance of their daughter, into their own family. My father was led to consent to this, from the advantages such an arrangement offered me; and closing up his own house, he almost immediately left the neighborhood.

During these five years, I saw him scarcely as many times. There had ever been something of mystery connected with his movements, and that mystery was now increased. Though always kind and gentle, when at home, yet his frequent absences, which extended back as far as my own memory, had given occasion for the garrulous old dames of the neighborhood, to charge him with neglect of

his family. Yet, farther than mere absence there was not the slightest ground for this accusation; for no man ever provided more bountifully for every want, or manifested, in his intercourse, more of strong and constant attachment.

While an inmate of Mr. Malcolm's family, I never saw him under that roof. His letters to me were not unfrequent, always enclosing ample funds to meet my needful expenses. About once a year, he came home, and always sent for me to meet him there. On these occasions, which were always the anniversaries of our great common sorrow, he would stay a day or two, not mixing at all with the neighbors, and visiting only one spot beside;—that spot was my mother's grave. In those visits I usually accompanied him; and never did I see, in any other man, so deep and lasting manifestations of sorrow, as seemed, at such times, to agitate his whole being. In that sacred spot, we mingled our tears, and renewed yearly a bond of affection that otherwise his long absences must have greatly weakened, if they did not destroy.

And then he would depart, again, on his mysterious wanderings; and I, with a soul harrowed with sad reflections, and awed by the strangeness which surrounded him, would return to my adopted home, to impart my griefs, my fancies, my hopes, to the fair being who was now the whole world to me.

You will guess the sequel to this constant companionship, gentlemen; it ended, on my part, in passion. Ere the close of the period I have named, I was deeply, madly, in love with a girl four years my senior in age; still more than that, in intellectual development. It was no more strange than unavoidable. My feelings had always been wonderfully acute; and the affections were now as capable of fastening upon an object, as at any period of my life. The passion that pervaded my entire existence, at the age of fourteen years, has left there its imprint for eternity.

The thought that this feeling might not be reciprocal, never occurred to me. The manner of my Kate was always so full of affection—her tones so kind—her eyes so eloquent with tenderness—that I should have been wholly unjustified, with any knowledge of human nature I then possessed, in suspecting that she could feel less devotion than myself. Do not imagine that I had any worldly realization of the extent of even my own passion; I had scarcely thought of consequences; I only knew that I enjoyed a perfect happiness in her presence, and took care to make myself happy as often as possible. The idea of permanent separation, would have been misery.

It was about this time, that I received a visit from my father, at the house of Mr. Malcolm. He had returned at a time unusual to him, and sought me without the customary announcement of his coming. Our meetings were always affectionate; this was mingled with a vague dread, on my part, of some unseen, impending and irresistible calamity.

Our first greetings were over, and we were engaged in more than ordinarily cheerful conversation, when Kate entered the room. I saw my father start, and his eye kindled with delighted surprise as it rested on her countenance; I was pleased at this involuntary admiration. Still, this undefinable apprehension arrested the words which would have expressed my gratification. Nor was it possible for me, for hours, to overcome this feeling, so unaccountable and so strange.

In reflecting on this sensation, I afterwards, for years, ever connected it with the errand which brought my father to me. This errand, was to remove me thence to a sphere which should be better

fitted to my years and the development of my mental powers. In short, he had concluded to place me in one of the best Universities in the country, and came to make known to me and my friends, his plan.

With him, to design was to execute. Always calm and considerate, yet his movements were made with the utmost promptness. As for myself, tho' the blow was severe and unlooked for, which was to separate me from my adorable Kate, yet filial obedience was an instinct I never thought of resisting. I bowed my head meekly to the infliction, and wept away the sharpness of my grief in private.

Some weeks were to elapse between this period and the time fixed for my departure. My father left the next morning, with the parting injunction to make my arrangements early, that no cause might occur for disappointment. Kate stood by with tearful eyes.

Those few weeks—ah! how speedily they passed! and they seemed so many ages, too, laden as was each moment, in its flight, with the heavy foreknowledge of the parting which they brought. Together we climbed the hills, and ranged the fields for wild-flowers and berries, and strolled through silent groves chequered with moonlight and shade; together we bent over some favorite book, uniting our admiration or our tears at its sentiment or pathos; together sometimes mused for hours in sweet silence, looking only into each others' eyes, and reading there assurances of sympathy and imperishable affection. Our conversations had a tinge of melancholy quite strange to them; the one coming event cast its shadow gloomily over the present.

You whose bosoms have been seathed by the passion-fires of devouring Love!—think not that these moments ever witnessed anything of tender confession or amorous glance! No; such thoughts were strange to our bosoms, glowing only with the gentler light of a paternal affection. Our love was indeed most earnest—most intense; mine was clasped with the most delicate strings of life; but of this, I neither thought, nor knew; it was sufficient that each was beloved, and that the evidences of this regard were found in every action of our lives.

But the time came, and we parted. It required a struggle to leave my kind friends, the elder Malcolm, who had so nobly and delicately fulfilled to me the duties of parents; but to leave Kate, seemed to my childish apprehension like quenching the sun's light at mid-day.

My last year at College was on the point of expiring. In a few days, I should again be wandering with Kate amidst scenes hallowed by a thousand dear recollections, and recounting the wonders which had befallen me since my first departure from her side.

And how had fortune dealt with me during those four years? After the first sting of parting, I had settled myself to my studies with a devotedness that soon made me a favorite with my tutors and a prominent member of my class. I was naturally studious, and an instinct taught one that this was the readiest way to banish the visions that preyed on my peace, and win new admiration and regard from my friends, including *her*. And thus I shall sum up the result of my collegiate course, with the simple statement that it brought me honors which I had scarcely dared to hope for, and left me the boy it had found—in years and experience and feelings, almost a man.

During this period, too, time had made other changes. The frequent visits which in the first

part of my absence, I had made to my home, had showed me that Kate was rapidly assuming the characteristics of womanhood. Reared in comparative seclusion, her development had not been accelerated by the artificial causes which so generally curse society, and I had not been able, before mingling more with those of my own sex, to notice the changes which these years in a woman's life, usually render so marked. As time passed, and my visits home, from the duties crowding upon me, and stimulating my aroused ambition, became less frequent, these changes were the more evident. Gradually I came to realize the true relation to her which society and human nature would force me to assume. But in this there was nothing to excite uneasiness or alarm. As I came to feel that my emotions were such as I saw, all around me, resulting in the marriage connection, I imagined also, that I had only to resolve to consummate that union, in order to perpetuate the happiness that a lapse of years must otherwise snatch from my possession. It is true that the reflection of our disparity of age sometimes crossed my mind, and brought with it a consciousness that such a circumstance would be regarded by philosophy and custom with disfavor; but the strength of my attachment swept away so trifling an obstacle, as the fierce wind scatters the little cloud which, for a moment has obscured the sun. What cared I for philosophy or custom, with the possession of my Kate at stake!

Again, the weak vanity of incipient manhood had been a little injured by the suspicion that she did not appreciate, as she ought, the respect due to eighteen years and a College diploma. She was ever the kind, the fascinating, loving and lovable being she had always been; but something indefinable in her manner, left the impression that she did not sufficiently realize that each succeeding year placed us nearer an equality of age. This was not quite satisfactory to a young man who had used a razor for nearly two years, and was already the destined victim of numerous designing mothers; but utterly faded into nothingness compared with the deep affection she always manifested.

Why had not Kate already married? This was a query that sometimes intruded itself into my mind; admired, as I had always known her to be, by the beaux of the neighborhood. But this question was answered most happily for my own peace of mind; for who could doubt that one combining, as she did, all high womanly feelings, unmingled with anything of coquetry, could see herself receding from that turning point in her age—twenty years—and accept no one of the eligible offers at her disposal, were it not for some pre-occupation of her affections, pointing to a happier union in the future? And who, in such case, could be the happy recipient of these affections, but myself?

My father, I had seen less frequently than before. In everything but personal supervision, his care of me was most delicate and watchful. Occasionally he would suddenly present himself before me, seeming to take in, with a glance of his eye, every circumstance about me which could influence my future character and fortune. And on all these occasions, he, too, seemed to look upon me still as a child; not in any rude or inconsiderate sense, but with the lofty and tender feeling that a fond parent may bear to a boy giving promise of good things, but still unfitted to share the counsels or cares of mature age.

But with one thing, I was especially pleased.—He more often visited our old home, and on these occasions, always became the guest of Mr. Malcolm. This gave me great pleasure; I so longed that he should know my Kate, and be prepared to rejoice

in the union which I fondly contemplated as not far distant. It was also gratifying that he should seem less given to his wanderings; and I hailed it as a sign that he was not indisposed to abandon them altogether, and unite again the domestic ties so long severed.

And so, all things seemed shaping for my happiness.

The time had nearly arrived for my final departure from the venerable *Alma Mater* which had witnessed my labors and my triumphs. The last exercises of the term were over, and I retired, wearied with their toil, and flushed with the excitement of triumph, to my room, to prepare for my homeward journey. Amidst the confusion of this duty, my mind alternately dwelt on the pleasure of again seeing the dear friends whom I had not visited for many long months, and the pain of separation from other friends and scenes which had grown very close to my heart. A sense of ingratitude grew upon me as the evening closed; and I paced my room with a feverish impatience. Rest I could not; the book I sought for amusement, I flung aside again, in disgust. My thoughts turned more steadily to my home amid the Granite Hills. Airy dreams floated through my fancy; I pictured long years of earthly honor, shared with her whose smiles I had toiled to win. Scenes of home-felicity rose in the future, with her for their center and soul.

Suddenly there came upon me the reflection, that all my anticipations might be vain. I had no assurance that Kate returned my passion; that she felt any other regard for me than that we called by a fraternal name. I felt the blood leave my face and rush in torrents to my heart at the supposition. What if she had already bestowed on another, the affection which I had never doubted possessing! Why had I been so mad as to leave her ignorant of my express feelings, and thus trifle with what I felt was the only treasure earth could afford. And even after I had smiled at the suddenness and wildness of my apprehension, it continued to haunt me. I would leave her no longer in doubt. I would quiet my fears, and still the nervous irritability which tormented me, by pouring forth, at once, my passion,—my hopes—my fears. I would write—I would tell her all. The letter would reach her a mail in advance of myself, obliged as I was, to tarry on business; and besides, it would spare me the awkwardness of my first avowal, in person; for now, for the first time, I realized that this could but be attended with considerable embarrassment. Despite all my burning ardor—the unreserved confidence between us—it would sound strange to her to listen to words of passion from me.

And so I wrote her. How rapidly the pen rushed over the smooth paper, how fell into sentences of wonderful expression the fervent fancies which sprung forth from the heated brain! Ah! she could no longer doubt the depth—the strength—the purpose—of my love!

No woman, indeed, could read that that letter, and mistake the extent of its import.

And so I filled my sheet, and then, casting myself upon the bed in utter exhaustion, sunk into a restless and troubled slumber, to dream of what had agitated my waking hours, and all transformed into grotesque shapes by the influences of fatigue and fear.

The next day was one of business; but ill done, I fear, so was my mind occupied by contending emotions. But it was finished, at last, and bidding my few lingering acquaintances adieu, I sprang into the waiting coach, just as the sun vanished from

sight, and was rapidly borne on my homeward way.

All that night I traveled, and the next day. Its close brought me within about five miles of home, when the coach gave a lurch to one side, and immediately came to a dead stop, with a broken axle-tree.

My impatience brooked no delay. What were repairs to me, who had feet, and the will to use them! So, with directions touching my baggage, I strode manfully on towards my goal.

I reached it, foot-sore, reeling with the fatigue and excitement and want of sleep I had suffered, just as the family clock struck eight. The moon was tipping the eastern woods with silver, as I entered the little gate to the front avenue, and took my way through its tall poplars, to the house.

The feeble gleam of the summer stars cast little light, and my short path lay in the shadow of the trees. My footsteps left no sound on the velvet and dew-moistened turf.

As I approached the house, I heard a sob.

There was a little arbor just beside the dwelling, formed of lattice-work and overreaching vines.—The sound came thence.

Involuntarily I paused; and again the same indefinable apprehension of impending evil, which I had once before experienced, chilled my blood and arrested its rapid course.

Again the sob was heard, and the low murmur of a voice; *her* voice.

A moment, and I heard deep, manly tones, which seemed to reply; I thought they were my father's.

Astonished, confused, irresistibly impelled, I approached. I crept up, unconscious of anything but the tumult of my own bosom, and the evidences of my senses, and, softly parting the vines, saw, by the dim starlight, two forms; the slighter one,—*hers*—encircled by the arm of the other, and the head seemingly reclined on his shoulder.

"Poor boy?" said that manly voice—it *was* my father's—"poor, poor boy! That such a blow should ever be dealt that tender heart, and by me!"

"No, no," said Kate, in tones that thrilled every fiber of my system—for they spoke in a language of feeling that my heart recognized, though I had never listened to it before;—"no, the fault is mine. I should better have read the meaning of those earnest eyes—of that softened voice. I should have known—and what *should* I have known? that he who was always to me as a brother—a mere child in years—a play-mate scarcely too old for the sports of childhood—*could* I have guessed that he was cherishing in silence, a passion so strange, so strong, so misplaced, as this unfortunate letter reveals? O no, no! I could not! there is no fault, but misfortune! alas! too serious! too sad!"

"My sweet Kate," replied my father, in a tone, calm, yet eloquent with feeling,—and I heard a soft kiss—how that sound smote on my nerves, for it told a truth that went crushing into my heart, burying in ruin the *hope of life*;—"my sweet Kate! there is no blame, though there has been blindness. That you should not suspect this infatuation, is not strange; but that I who have known men and seen life, should fail to detect it, seems indeed incredible. I have studied him with the fondest care; I have fancied myself master of every impulse and every desire. I have toiled and studied, and schemed for him; I would have sacrificed life itself to secure his happiness; yet how has Providence mocked at my efforts, and turned to gall the sweet draught which I imagined was to impart pleasure to all!"

I heard no more; my brain reeled; everything

grew dark; with a deep groan, I sank to the ground.

When consciousness was again restored to me, I was reclining on my own bed, in the little room where pleasant dreams had so often visited my childish slumbers. I started to see my lean and shriveled hand; a low voice was in my ear, and the countenance of my dear Kate—tearful and pale, bent over me and a warm kiss rested on my lips. The recollection of my sorrow returned; with a stifled groan, I averted my face and closed my eyes, as though to shut out the world and all it contained.

For six weeks, I had hovered between life and death, raving in my ceaseless delirium, of the scenes which induced it. Now, I fancied myself striving again for the honors of my class, and now struggling fiercely for power and place in the arena of active life; but the burden of my broken discourse, was of my father and Kate, and that terrible revelation which had smitten me to the dust.

For these six weeks, had I trembled thus on the verge of eternity; but a good constitution, aided by judicious medical treatment, and the best of nursing, finally triumphed.

For weeks, still, after this return to consciousness, I continued utterly helpless. Kate constantly hovered, like a guardian angel, beside my bed; for though her presence continually kept alive my anguish, yet could I not endure her absence. Very little conversation passed; her ministrations were managed, with the most delicate tact, to divert my mind from its grief. But at length I began more rapidly to mend, till at last I was enabled to walk abroad.

My father, too, during this time, had occasionally visited me; just often enough, with his kind, calm, soothing words, and impressive benignity of countenance, to assure me of his deep and delicate sympathy, and yet not so frequently as to draw my thoughts unnecessarily to the one sad subject.

The attentions, too, of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm, were most tender and unremitting; and so, with all these evidences of love, I half cheated myself, at times into a forgetfulness of my misery.

But at last I was enabled to leave the house, though only the shadow of my former self; and now I longed to go forever, and find forgetfulness in the din of the world, or the silence of the grave.—I felt no gratitude at my recovery; I would vastly have preferred never to have awakened from that delirium, on earth.

And now all seemed to feel that there was another crisis at hand; that there must be a full explanation of the Past, and a calm consideration of the Future.

But how should this be done?

How indeed, but by the delicate tact of her who was the innocent cause of the misfortune. And accordingly, one day, she asked me to lean on her arm, and leading me to a favorite resort of other days, begged me to bear with her a few moments, while she endeavored to perform a duty.

The tears sprung to my own eyes,—they were already overflowing from hers,—as I bade her proceed.

And then, with that subduing glance fascinating my own, and in those tones whose power I could not, if I would, resist, and addressing me as *brother*, though more tenderly than often greets the ear of lover, she told her simple story;—how she had always loved me as a brother, with a devotedness that no test could shake, though never, or an instant, dreaming of any other love, on her own part or mine; how she had been pleased with the noble

form and graceful dignity of my father, still in the very prime of life, and had learned to reverence his wisdom, and admire his calm and lofty impulses, before he had ever given evidence of his own regard for her; how he had wooed her in style of mingled courtesy, and affection and respect, that was quite irresistible;—gaining, too, as it did, an additional charm from the mystery which had ever attended him; and how she had granted his suit, yielding up all her affections to him, and fondly imagining, at the same time, that she was drawing still closer the bond between us! How, too, they had kept it all from me, for the purpose of a pleasant surprise, with which to greet my return home; how the time for the ceremony had been fixed at no distant day, and preparations for it had already commenced, when that passionate letter of mine, in which I had written the very secret of my soul, in language which showed my entire devotedness, had come like a thunder-clap, to shatter all their golden visions.—

What could I reply to this? Had there been any tone of scorn, or levity, or conscious wrongdoing, I could have found words; as it was, I could only weep. And so we wept, together; and then slowly returned homeward, to weep again.

The next day, my father sought me on a similar errand. I shrunk from this conference rather more: but such a pure, noble, unselfish compassion filled every accent and pervaded his whole manner, that I was again completely subdued.

"I have not sought you, my son," said he, "to repeat what has already been told you; I shall only say, in reference to it, that had I for a moment suspected the attachment you were cherishing, I would have yielded life sooner than have come between it and its object. Still, I firmly believe that a union such as you proposed, would have accomplished far less for the happiness of either, than either can realize. I have been no careless observer of human nature; and I feel assured that you have not suffered so much, without escaping even worse. Your nature—after the golden light of young passion faded, would chafe at the idea of disparities which you would have felt to be humiliating—so sensitive is it—to your manhood; and this slight cause, like the continual wearing of a fetter, would eventually have galled you into unhappiness, if not actual misery.

"But I have now come to say that I value your happiness far more than my own, and that this is also the case with—Kate. Love you, as you would demand, after all that has passed, she cannot. But if it will in the least spare your feelings, not to see her assume the relation we have both contemplated, speak; say it, my son, without hesitation; and she will remain only your sister, and to me, be again a stranger."

I was overcome at the noble tenderness with which these words were spoken; I forgot myself, in the generous contagion; and as soon as my emotions would permit, I hastened to speak.

"My father," said I, "do you judge me, then, so meanly as to suppose my own sorrows can be alleviated by ensuring the wretchedness of others, and those others dearer to me than existence? No; my own happiness, now, depends upon your own and—hers. For me, I shall recover from this stroke—severe though it be. I have youth and the world left to me; with your noble generosity before my eyes, I should be less than a man to permit my own feelings to stand in the way of high motives."

At this moment, I was aware of the presence of Kate. She had come, as had been managed, to endorse the magnanimous offer of my father.

I rose; and you may imagine the strange spectacle of a son joining the hand of her he had loved so long and deeply, with that of his father, and saying

"This union is blessed, as it blesses me."

—And thus ended the narrative of the SIRE AND SON.

Select Miscellany.

THE FEMALE HEART.

The following lines were addressed by a young lady to a gentleman, who being requested to write in her Album, had instead designed the FEMALE HEART, and subdivided it by the various passions. The prominent of which were, DRESS, FRIVOLITY and SCANDAL:

And who art thou, can thus portray,
The female heart?—
I pity thee, unhappy youth,
Who e'er thou art.

For thee no pleasant memories paint,
Domestic bowers,
No tender mother could have watched
Thy childhood's hours.

O! no, thou never couldst forget
Her sacred love—
Her midnight watch, her ceaseless care,
All praise above.

No gentle sister could have raised
Her trusting eyes,
Fraught with the love, that fondly says,
"Tis thee I prize."

Alas, it never has been thine,
In life to tend
Her gaze of love which wins the smile,
Of dearest friend.

Of woman thou hast only known
The weaker part,
Else thou couldst never thus have drawn
The female heart.

Have LOVE and FRIENDSHIP such small share
In woman's heart?
Have FORTITUDE, and HOPE, and FAITH
No little part?

Have heavenly CHARITY, and TRUTH
No resting place?—
Alas, poor youth, if these are lost,
Heaven help thy race.

Is woman vain? 'Tis man that lights
The spark of sin—
To praise the gilded ease, nor care
For gems within.

Farewell—forgiveness kindly prompts
The fervent prayer,
That e'en thy life may yet be blessed
With woman's care.

A celebrated wit made one of his happiest jokes when he heard that Bishop, who had been sent to Portsmouth preparatory to transportation for life, had escaped.

"Gad, sir," said he, "he must have been an arch bishop to do that; and yet his dislike to the see is quite unaccountable."

THE WIZARD OF ST. GABELLE.

"You wish to hear a ghost story," said my uncle Bayle one evening, as we gathered about his chair, "you wish to hear a ghost story: very well, you shall have your wish. I will relate an incident of which I myself was witness, and which is therefore strictly true."

We drew still closer to the old gentleman, and listened with the greatest interest as he related the following adventure:

One evening in autumn, full forty years ago, I was returning from Toulouse; I had traveled far that day, having already passed Autereve, where some friends of mine would have had me spend the night, but I was resolved to push on to Savardum, which you know is three leagues distant on the road. I had arrived in front of the monastery of Boulbrenne, when suddenly there burst forth a terrible storm. In a moment the night became dark, and the road impassable. I should have asked shelter in the convent, but my horse, frightened at a sudden clap of thunder, dashed into a narrow pathway to the left, and bore me away in spite of all I could do. Notwithstanding the speed at which he went, I soon perceived that we were on the direct road to St. Gabelle. And when at last my horse slackened his pace, which he did of his own good will, I found myself before the village inn.

I entered. The guests were numerous, among whom I observed several Spanish merchants, and some hunters, who like myself, had been overtaken by the storm. We dried our clothes by the fire; after which, supper was announced, and we sat down to the table.

The conversation first turned upon the storms, weather, and the badness of the roads. One said he had been thrown from his horse; another had been a full hour in extricating his horse and wagon from a mud-hole.

"It is horrible weather," said a third.—"Just the time for ghosts and witches."

Although this was a natural remark, it gave rise to a lively conversation.

"Sorcerers and spirits choose a clear, moonlight night to hold their orgies, in preference to such a one as this."

We turned to look at the author of this observation, and saw it was one of the Spanish merchants.

"It would seem that the gentleman is familiar with the custom of ghosts," exclaimed a young man by my side, "and that they have told him that they like neither to get muddy nor wet."

"Young man," said the Spaniard, casting a terrific glance at the last speaker, "speak not so lightly on a subject with which you are but little acquainted."

"Would you like to make me believe in ghosts?" returned the young man disdainfully.

"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if you have sufficient courage to look on them."

Flushed with anger the young man sprang to his feet. In a moment, however, he calmed himself and sat down again, saying—

"You should pay dear for that remark, were it not uttered by a madman."

"A madman!" echoed the other, arising in his turn. "Listen!" he added, striking the table with his fist, and throwing down a heavy leathern purse.

From the Cincinnati Atlas.

EUROPE AND THE SCLAVONIANS.

"Here are thirty quadruple, which I am willing to lose, if, within an hour, I do not call up before your face the figure of any deceased person you shall name, even though he has been dead ten years—and if after recognizing him, you dare to allow him to imprint a kiss upon your lips."

"You will do that?" said the young man with a scornful smile.

"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "on condition that you lose the same amount if I succeed."

"Thirty quadruples, my worthy conjurer," said the young man gaily, after a moment's silence, "is more than a student of Toulouse ever possessed; but if you will reduce the stake to five, I am your man."

The Spaniard took up his purse and said, "Ah, you refuse, monsieur?"

"I refuse?" echoed the other. "If I only had the thirty quadruples, you would see."

"Here are four," said I, "which I add to your stakes."

Several others followed my example, and soon the sum was made up. We chose for the trial a small pavilion in the garden, so entirely isolated that the locality offered no chance for fraud. We made ourselves sure that there were but two outlets, viz: a window, which was carefully closed, and a door, on the outside of which we were stationed. Upon the tables had been placed materials for writing, and the lights had been carried away. The young man was shut up alone in the pavilion, the Spaniard remaining with us outside the door.

A breathless silence prevailed for a moment, when the Spaniard began to chant, in a soft, melancholy voice, a stanza which may be translated thus:

"And the coffin is broke with a crash,
And the grave is opening,
And the pale phantom's dark foot is placed
Upon the verdant moss."

After this first stanza, the Spaniard raised his voice and said solemnly, "you have asked to see your friend Francois Vialat, who was drowned in the sea three years ago. What do you behold?"

"A whitish light arising near the window," replied the young student; "but it is only a shapeless wavering mist."

"Are you afraid?" asked the stern voice of the Spaniard.

And the young man answered, "I am not afraid."

We were stupefied, breathless with suspense. The conjurer was silent for a moment. Then stamping thrice with his foot upon the ground, he chanted in a louder and more solemn voice than before:

"And the white phantom whose features pale
Have been discolored by the waves,
Presses the water from his clothes and hair
With his winding sheet."

The chant ended. The Spaniard turned again toward the door, and cried in the same solemn tone:

"You who would seek to dive into the mysteries of the grave—what do you see?"

We listened anxiously, while the student replied in a calm voice, and like one who describes an incident as it is taking place:

"The mist spreads itself, and takes shape like a phantom. The head is covered with a

long veil. It moves not from the spot on which it rose."

"Are you afraid?" asked the Spaniard.

The young man answered, "I am not afraid."

Stupefied, we kept our eyes fixed upon the conjurer in silent awe as he proceeded to chant the third solemn stanza:

"Then says the phantom rising from the grave,
That he may recognize me,
I will go toward my friend, smiling, erect and fair,
As in the days of my youth."

The Spaniard finished, and asked immediately the same terrible question:

"What do you see?"

"The figure advances," replied the student. "It lifts its veil. It is Francois Vialat! He approaches the table. He is writing his signature."

"Are you afraid?"

"No," replied the young man, "I am not afraid."

Immediately the Spaniard commenced singing, or rather howling, this last and horrible stanza:

"Then says the phantom to the jeering youth,
Come, let me touch thee now;
Place thy hand on my hand, thy heart against
my heart,
Thy lips upon my own."

"What do you see?" cried the Spaniard, in a voice of thunder.

"He comes—he pursues me—he stretches out his arms—he will seize me. O, help, help!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the conjurer, with a savage joy.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled sob, were the only answer to this terrible question.

"I think I have won," said the Spaniard, bitterly; "but I am satisfied with having taught him a lesson. Let him keep the money and be more wise in future."

So saying, he walked rapidly away. Fixed with horror, we re-opened the door, and found the young student seized with fearful convulsions. The paper signed by Francois Vialat, was upon the table. Recovering, the young man demanded the conjurer, and with an oath of vengeance, rushed from the room. We saw neither him nor the Spaniard afterward.

My uncle finished. Trembling with terror, we dared not look about us. At last I summoned sufficient courage to say:

"And why, after all this, do you not believe in ghosts?"

"Because neither the conjurer nor student ever returned, but ran off with the money we had advanced; whence we concluded that they were two consummate villains, of whom we were the dupes. Believe me, my dear children, however probable a ghost story may appear, it will, in the end, prove to be the result of an excited imagination, or a wilful fraud."

March of Intellect.

A lad in Salem was asked a few days since by his teacher, what *Patrimony* meant?—"Something left by a father," was the prompt reply. "And what would you call it if left by a mother?" "Why," answered the boy, "*Matrimony*, of course."

My dear, don't pull that pig by the tail; you may be a hog yourself, one of these days.

The Baltimore American, in noticing the fact that the majority of people in the Austrian Empire are Slavonians, says that they could control the Government if they had "German heads." No one need be troubled about that. The Slavonians have as good heads as there are in Europe. There is a time for every race and every nation to be developed. When the time for the Slavonian development comes, there will be heads enough, and good ones, to accomplish the great ends for which Providence has reserved them. The Goths and Vandals were unknown, or despised, by the great and civilized nations then on earth; but they did their work, and a mighty work. They gave blood and muscle to the enervated races of the south; and when themselves civilized, relumed the earth with a brighter and better light. What do we now see? Italy has relapsed into a condition of effeminaey—morally and politically. France is without religion; and Germany lives on the dry bones of rationalism and mysticism.—Some revolution, mightier than a mere change of Government, they must undergo, before their condition will be essentially changed.—To change the form of government is to change the outside modes of action; but does not change the moral nature of society. It is like a man who puts on a new suit of clothes, but remains the same man.

We know not what new forms of society are about to be developed; but it appears to us that Europe is in a condition of change which implies a vast deal more than a mere substitution of an Assembly of Democrats for a House of Peers. There is a change far more necessary than that. The great body of the people must be changed in their spirit.—The fountain of the great deep must be broken up, and society reinvigorated. When such changes become necessary, it has happened heretofore that they have been accomplished by great convulsions. The great empires of Asia (the greatest in history as to external magnificence) were all broken up and scattered into fragments by revolutions and destructions, foretold and described by the prophets of God.

The vast Empire of Rome perished in the same way, while greater and nobler nations arise from its ruins. We shall not say that changes in existing societies must be accomplished in the same mode. It may be a peaceful and gradual change; but whatever it is, or in whatever way brought about, it appears to us impossible that the changes which develop the future of Europe should not be, in a degree, produced by the direct or indirect action of that one hundred millions of people, who have heretofore been so disregarded and despised—the great Slavonian-Seythian, or northern nation of that continent.

It cannot be imagined, for example, that sixteen millions of Slavonians are, in this age of light, to submit to the domination of the archduchy of Austria in politics, or receive ecclesiastical law from the Vatican of Rome.—Look sharp at the maps. The army of Radetzky was composed chiefly of Croats; the army of Windischgratz, of Bohemians, and similar people. These races do not come to

receive law from Rome or Vienna. They come to give it!

The Emperor Nicholas is doing much to accomplish great changes. He has an American engineer making vast railroads through the heart of his dominions, which will bring both light and strength to his vast empire.—He is gathering up great riches; and while the rest of Europe is in debt, he is accumulating wealth. The mines of the Ural Mountains are richer than those of California by far. All this is said with no great regard to Nicholas himself, or any other man, or mere government. But these means, these few facilities, the new light accumulating in the north—there are, therefore, for that people, that family of nations, who have the same race, and for the most part, the same creed. Do all these signs mean nothing? They mean much more than whether there shall be a king or two less in Europe, or a noisy National Assembly sitting in Paris. The great clashings of nationalities, and the volcanic outbursting of races, are deeper and more powerful than any formal governments, whether royal or democratic. Some such developments the signs of the times indicate; though what, we can not clearly see, and must await the future to teach us.

The Peasantry of France.

In the late Henry Coleman's "European Life and Manners," is a very gratifying picture of the Rural laborers of France. He says:

"I seldom went among a field of laborers in England or Scotland, especially if they were women, without some coarse joke or some indecent leer; at least, it has happened to me many times; and seldom without being solicited for something, 'to drink your honor's health;' and never, especially in Scotland, without finding them sallow, haggard, barefooted, ragged and dirty. In France it is the reverse; they are well clad with caps as white as snow, or neat handkerchiefs tied around their heads; the men with neat blouses or frocks, and good hats; I have scarcely ever seen a barefooted or bare-legged woman in France; let them be doing what they will they are always tidy; the address of the poorest (I do not exaggerate) is as polite as that of the best people you find in the city; and so far from ever soliciting money, they have refused it in repeated instances, when for some little service, I have offered some compensation; Count de Gourcy told me again and again, that even the most humble of them would consider it an offence to have it offered to them. I do not believe there ever was a happier peasantry than the French. Drunkenness is entirely unknown among them; and they are pre-eminent for their industry and economy. I went into one field, with a large farmer, where there were nearly a hundred, principally women and children, gathering grapes, and I did not see one among them, whom I should not have been perfectly willing to have met at table, or in any other situation.

I never knew a people where there is so much charity to the poor; and as to church-going, so far as that constitutes religion, no people go before them; and in no places of religious worship have I ever seen more at-

tention, more decorum, and more apparent devotion. I should as soon think of seeing a dead man sitting erect in a chair at church, as seeing an individual in the congregation asleep. The churches too, are all free. You may make some contribution at the door, if you choose, but nothing demanded.

A very well informed and most respectable American of my acquaintance, who has resided in France twenty-five years, in Paris and in the country, says, he does not believe that there is in any country more conjugal fidelity, or stronger domestic affections; and that in this respect, the best French society is a picture of what is most charming in domestic life. I have another friend who has been in French society for seven years, and he emphatically confirms the statement."

Rocks of Lake Superior.

BY LEWIS CASS.

Upon the southern coast of Lake Superior, about 50 miles from the falls of St. Mary, are the immense precipitous cliffs, called by the voyager *Le Potrail*, the Pictured Rocks. This name has been given them in consequence of the different appearances which they present to the traveler, as he passes their base in his canoe. It requires little aid from the imagination to discern in them the castellated tower and lofty dome, and every sublime, grotesque, or fantastic shape which the genius of architecture ever invented. These cliffs are an unbroken mass of rocks, rising to the elevation of 300 feet above the level of the lake, and stretching along the coast for fifteen miles.

The voyagers never pass this coast except in the most profound calm; and the Indians, before they make the attempt, offer their accustomed oblation, to propitiate the favor of their *Monitas*. The eye instinctly searches along the eternal rampart, for a single place of security; but the search is vain. With an impassable barrier of rocks on one side, and an interminable expanse of water on the other, a sudden storm upon the lake would as inevitably assure destruction of the passenger in his frail canoe, as if he were on the brink of the cataract of Niagara.

The rock itself is a sand-stone, which is disintegrated by the continual action of the water with comparative facility. There are no broken masses upon which the eye can rest and find relief. The lake is so deep, that these masses, as they are torn from the precipice, are concealed beneath its waters until it is reduced to sand. The action of the waves has removed every projecting point.

When we passed this immense fabric of nature, the wind was still and the lake was calm. But even the slightest motion of the waves, which in the most profound calm agitates these eternal seas, swept through the deep caverns with the noise of the distant thunder, and died away upon the ear, as it rolled forward in the dark recesses inaccessible to human observation.

No sound more melancholy or more awful ever vibrated upon human nerves. It has left an impression which neither time nor distance can ever efface.

Resting in a frail bark canoe, upon the limpid waters of the lake, we seemed almost sus-

pended in air, so pellucid is the element upon which we floated. In gazing upon the towering battlements which impended over us, and from which the smallest fragments would have destroyed us, we felt, and felt intensely our own insignificance. No situation can be imagined more appalling to the courage, or more humbling to the pride of man. We appeared like a small speck upon the broad face of creation.

Our whole party, Indians, voyagers, soldiers, officers and servants, contemplated in mute astonishment the awful display of creative power, at whose base we hung; and no sound broke upon the ear to interrupt the ceaseless roaring of the waters. No cathedral, no temple built with human hands, no pomp of worship could ever impress the spectator with such humility, and so strong a conviction of the immense distance between him and the Almighty Architect.

Advice to Wives.

Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interest, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are indeed the text, from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress will not long delight in the wife; they will shorten even their own transitory reign, if as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of everybody else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he loves you as you would wish he should, he will bleed at heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn; if he does not, his pride will supply the place of love and his resentment that of suffering.—*MacKenzie*.

We Fixed That Chap.

A few days ago, a gentleman (?) came into our sanctum, took off his hat, picked up a piece of manuscript, and commenced reading, very closely. We reached over and took a letter out of his hat, unfolded, and commenced reading it. He was so busy that he did not discover how we were paying him in his own coin, until we asked him what it was his correspondent was writing to him about a woman? "Why look here, Squire," says he, "you surely are not reading my private letters?" "Certainly, sir," said we, "you are reading our private manuscripts." He was plagued, begged us not to mention his name, promised to do so no more, and we quit—even.—*Prentice*.

Three Thursdays in One Week.

A scientific paper says, let a vessel sail east round the world, and arrive in port on Thursday, according to their reckoning. On the following day let the crew land; they will find it Thursday on shore. On the next day let them board a vessel which has just arrived from a cruise round the world, sailing in a westerly direction, and they will again find it Thursday on board that ship. It is thus possible to find three Thursdays in one week.

Distinguished People.

There are quite a number of them before the public at the present time; but the heroine of both worlds appears to be LOLA MONTES. One can scarcely take up a paper but "Lola Montes" meets the eye. From an article in the "London Observer," we learn that this "bright particular star," is simply a bold, bad woman, with a pretty face, who was born in India, removed to Ireland when young, eloped at fifteen with a Lieut. Jones, was married to and went to India with him. In '41 or '42 she returned to Ireland, thence to England, where her husband obtained a divorce, on account of a *liaison* with a Capt. Lennox, in whose vessel she had sailed. She took the name of Lola Montes, and tried to turn actress, but was hissed off the stage of her Majesty's theatre, for not understanding her profession, or having too little sense to follow it. Then she went over to France, led a dissolute life until lately, when she returned to England, at the age of thirty, kept on after the old fashion, and married a young booby, whose friends prosecuted her for bigamy, in order to release him. She is certainly a most interesting subject to employ the scribblers, type-setters, and reading public of the old and new world! Editors must have run out of materials! Columns are occupied telling how she looked, and how she didn't look—how she smoked her cigar, and when she smiled, and how she sat, and what she wore, and when she walked, and when and how she didn't do nothing. She has high cheek bones, and a blue nose—no, it's blue eyes she has, and a blue veil on her bonnet—and her figure's black silk, and her dress is plump—no, that's not it either!—her dress is black silk, and her figure is plump, and her mustaches are light brown—no, wrong again, it is the gosling who married her that has the brown mustaches. So says the London Observer, and the Home Journal repeats the important information for the benefit of the public in this hemisphere. Of course we must help to circulate the news. Quite a list is given of her honorable paramours, in England and France. Amongst them is Lord Brougham; and it is a rare dish of discourse throughout.—Mrs. Swisshe'm.

Very Well Done.

A poor fellow who had spent hundreds of dollars at the bar of a certain groggery, being one day faint and feeble, and out of change, asked the landlord to trust him with glass of liquor.

"No," was the surly reply; "I never make a practice of doing such things."

The poor fellow turned to a gentleman, who was sitting by, and whom he had known in better days, saying, "Sir, will you lend me a sixpence?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

The landlord with alacrity placed the decanter and glass before him; he took a pretty good horn, and having swallowed it, replaced the glass with evident satisfaction, he turned to the man who had lent him the sixpence, and said:

"Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe you; I make it a point, degraded as I am, *always to pay borrowed money before I pay my grog bill!*"

Woman at Home.

Such is the position in society which many estimable women are called upon to fill, that, unless they have stored their minds with general knowledge during the season of youth, they never have the opportunity of doing so afterwards. How valuable, then, is such a store to draw upon for thought, when the mind throughout the day is busily employed, and sometimes when the head is weary! It is then that knowledge not only sweetens labor, but often, when the task is ended, and a few social friends are met together, it comes forth unbidden, in those glimpses of illumination, which a well-informed, intelligent woman, is able to strike out of the humblest material. It is then that, without the slightest display, her memory helps her to throw in those apt illusions, which clothe the most familiar objects in borrowed light, and make us feel, after having enjoyed her society, as if we had been introduced to a new and more intelligent existence than we had enjoyed before. But it would be impossible for an ignorant, and, consequently, a short-sighted, prejudiced woman, to exercise this influence over us. We soon perceive the bonds of the narrow circle within which she reasons with *self*, even in the centre: we detect the opinions of others in her own, and we feel the vulgarity with which her remarks may turn upon ourselves the moment we are absent.

But how different is the enjoyment, the *repose* we feel, in the society of a well-informed woman, who has acquired, in early youth, the habit of looking beyond the little affairs of every-day existence—from matter to mind, from action to principle, from time to eternity! The gossip of society, that many-toned organ of discord, seldom reaches her; even slander, which so often slays the innocent, she is in many cases able to discern. Under all the little crosses and perplexities which necessarily belong to household care, she is able to look calmly at their comparative insignificance, and thus they can never disturb her peace; while, in all the pleasures of intellectual and social intercourse, it is her privilege to give as bountifully as she receives.—Mrs. Ellis.

Experience.

The geneology of Experience is brief; for Experience is the child of thought, and thought is the child of action. We cannot learn men from books, nor can we form, from written descriptions, a more accurate idea of the movements of the human heart, than we can of the movements of nature. A man may read all his life, and form no conception of the rush of a mountain torrent, or the waving of a forest of pines in a storm; and a man may study in a closet, the heart of his fellow creatures for ever, and have no idea of the power of ambition, or the strength of revenge.

WHAT HE SAID.—At a Parish examination a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptized?

"No, sir," was the reply, "not as I know of, but I've been *waxinated*!"

It is recorded in Chinese history, that in the reign of King Ti, (A. D. 555,) the people began to sit with their legs hanging down; i. e., they used chairs!

Literary Habits of the Hog.

The hog is exceedingly *literary* in his habits. His works are published in large issues of ten and twelve mo., with an appendix at the end of each, *interlarded* with liberal quotations from *Greece*. Although he has dealt somewhat largely in *stocks* and *banks* and domestic produce, his property, like that of most literary men, is his *pen*. Like the good and great in all ages, he has his imitators and counterfeiters "*in linked sweetness long drawn out*," not only in Bologna, but in every other quarter of the globe. It is said that some of the rarest and sweetest morsels imported into Eden, when Adam was making preparations for housekeeping, were conferred upon Adam's *rib*, which he *spared* for domestic use. So, by a singular coincidence, some of the sweetest combinations of animal organization are conferred upon our friend's *spare rib*. He is in some respects a peripatetic philosopher, making his discoveries in his rambles. He skims not over the surface. He goes to the *root* of the matter. He takes things, not by guess, but *knows*. If he is not in favor of the "free soil movement," he is of the *free movement of the soil*, and manifests his attachment to his principles by incessant labor in the cause.

Proof Positive.

A clergyman of the Universalist denomination was accused, while in Lowell, of "violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and compelling her to go home with him." He replied as follows:

1. I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting.

2. My wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell.

3. I have not attended even one of these meetings for any purpose whatever.

4. Neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to attend those meetings.

5. *I never had a wife.*

Christianity in Turkey.

Rev. H. O. Dwight, who has recently returned to the United States, speaks in gratifying terms of the progress of the Gospel in Turkey. When he first went to Constantinople, some years since, the enemies of Christianity were found everywhere, and its friends were regarded with disgust and hatred. Now, the religion of the Bible is not only tolerated, but it is actually protected by the Sultan!—The influence of the foreign ambassadors has been successfully exerted in behalf of the missions, and has done much to allay Turkish prejudice. English, German and French residents show the most friendly spirit to the missionaries. A few years since, female education was unknown in Turkey. Now the mission has a flourishing Female Seminary, and there are quite a number of other female schools.

Ritcher says,—"No man can either live piously, or die righteous, without a wife." A very wicked old bachelor of our acquaintance says to this, "O, yes! sufferings and severe trials purify and chasten the heart."

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair!

BUSINESS NOTICES.

F. A. LOOMIS

Has become connected with the LITERARY UNION, with full powers to transact business.

Local Agents.

N. Y. CITY, *Dexter & Brother.*
SYRACUSE, *W. L. Palmer*; office between the west doors of the Syracuse House.
ALBANY, *Thomas Clark.*

Advertising Agent.

V. B. Palmer; offices in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore.

Back Numbers.

Files of Vol. I. can still be obtained. As an inducement to new subscribers, the volume complete will be furnished such at fifty cents;—just half price. Those who prefer, can obtain it of us, beautifully bound, for \$1.25; or in good plain binding, for \$1.00.

Attention is invited to the very liberal terms to CLUBS in our Prospectus.

50 Agents Wanted

To canvass, to whom the most liberal inducements will be given.

To Teachers & Trustees.

The Editors of this paper propose to act as *gratuitous agents* in procuring situations for Teachers and Teachers for situations. They will also furnish plans for school houses to those intending to build.

CENTRAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

We congratulate our citizens and the public generally, upon the opening in our midst—on Monday of the present week—of this new Institution. Nearly all of the Faculty and above fifty Students, were in attendance.

Rev. Mr. Pinney commenced the services by reading a portion of the Scriptures and invoking the blessing of Heaven upon the new enterprise. Dr. Potter—the Head of the Faculty, and principal agent in the establishment of the College—then followed in an earnest and impressive speech, detailing to some extent the principles by which he had been governed in his preliminary labors, and the objects which they, with the co-operation of their pupils, designed to achieve. To the latter he urged the importance of that studiousness of habit which alone warrants eminence in a profession still subject to improvement, and a personal deportment that shall do honor to their Institution and the city in which it is located.

One of the most pleasing circumstances of the occasion, was the presence of four of the Lady Students, who are qualifying themselves to act in the cause of Humanity by alleviating its ills. This is right: woman has now—no less than in the age of chivalry—the qualities to enable her to appreciate suffering, and the sympathy to administer to its relief.

This is peculiarly an age of innovation: new sciences and new modifications of science are continually springing up all around us—annihilating old theories, and puzzling those who are unable or unwilling to comprehend what is new. Perhaps in no department of science has there been more, that is novel or startling promulgated, than in that which has reference to Man, his mental and psychological nature, and his physical wants. Intellectuals of a practical kind have endeavored to adapt these newly developed principles to various systems of Hygiene and Medical Treatment, which has resulted in the establishment of Colleges and the

commissioning of practitioners upon bases as antagonistic as sickness is to health.

From what we have learned respecting the 'Central Eclectic Medical College' and the objects of its founders, we suppose it is designed to harmonize different theories, so far as to combine what is considered of essential value in each, and discard what rests on no other merit than use and dogmatism. To such an undertaking—however chimerical it may appear to those inclined to look hopelessly upon any attempt to Reform, or however strongly it may be opposed by that conservatism which is always in the way of Progress,—no one can wish less success than is merited by its object and earned by its effort.

Ossian E. Dodge.

This unrivaled vocalist, on Thursday evening of last week, gave our citizens one of his inimitable concerts. Possessing, as he does, a musical talent of the highest order, with a compass of voice that qualifies him to execute a solo to admiration, his concerts, of their kind, are perfect. His descriptions of the circumstances upon which many of the songs were founded, added a zest and freshness to the entertainment which the music alone—in our judgment—could never give. His execution of the 'Maniac,' startling, thrilling, as it was, could not have made the profound impression felt and acknowledged by his auditory, had it not been preceded by a narration of the events producing the calamity. But however excellently Dodge delineates the pathetic and the terrible, he is not less a master in the comic department; controlling with magic power the risibilities, as well as the emotions, of all who see and hear him. None but a thorough master, could have succeeded in so perfect a self-adaptation to almost every phase of human feeling and human character, as was evinced in his 'Niagara Falls;' and the half-recitative half-pantomimic 'Magnetic Lecture.' In short, Dodge is an admirable actor; and were it not that he is in himself a whole Thespian corps, we should be delighted to witness an exhibition of his tragic power and quaint conceits on the stage.

The Alleghanians.

This band of musical *artistes* have given us two admirable entertainments. We do not recollect having enjoyed, in a long time, anything of the kind that pleased us so well. Their music—which by *amateurs* is pronounced excellent—is of that particularly pleasing character which makes all listeners pleased with themselves, and with each other. At once stirring the soul with a gentle pathos, and enlivening it with a gleeful strain, the extremes of feeling and passion are allayed rather than excited. No one who hath 'music in his soul' can listen to these charming singers without going home a better, if not a wiser person. The *solos* by Miss Goodenow, and the *duets*, were received with rapturous rounds of applause by the audience—as in fact were most of the pieces executed. These singers have left the impression that they are not only admirable performers, but that they are deeply imbued with that good nature and amiability, without which, no degree of musical attainment could render them permanently successful.

The *Williamsburgh Daily Times* comes to us in a pretty dress and well made up. We think it not behind its neighbors in the great city, and welcome it to our *Exchange List*.

Mr. Sedgwick's Lecture.

The following complimentary notice, from the N. Y. *Pathfinder*, is only one of many which have been called forth from the Press by this admirable production:

'FREE SCHOOLS.—The *Syracuse Literary Union*, which is, by the way, one of the best literary journals we know of, publishes a Lecture on Free Schools, by Charles B. Sedgwick, Esq., which we only wish we had space to transfer entire to our columns. It is a noble production, worthy of a Christian, a philanthropist, and a scholar; and we cannot resist the temptation, notwithstanding our want of room for lengthy paragraphs, to give the glowing and eloquent conclusion of Mr. Sedgwick's Lecture.'

Jail vs. Schoolhouse.

The *Williamsburgh Times* has this pithy scrap, which embodies a great deal of truth in very few words:

'The County Legislature are about to expend thirty thousand, two hundred and three dollars, and twenty-six cents, for the erection of a wing to the county jail. 'Why, why is this?' Is it impolitic for the people to know the necessity of this addition. The inventor of the guillotine, it is said, was the first to perish by the instrument.—This is a vulgar error, and we hope the same may come true of the jail wing architects. Tax payers of King's County! what a splendid school-house would fourteen thousand dollars build! And yet if it were asked for a schoolhouse, what grumbling there would be. When applied to a jail, an awful silence prevails.'

The *State Signal*, Belfast, Me., comes to us enlarged and printed on new and beautiful type.—Although of a partizan character, this paper presents a great variety of useful and entertaining matter, and *must* be well sustained. It has just passed into the hands of Wm. L. AVERY, who has approved himself well qualified for the arduous and responsible duties assumed.

Judge Courtland Cushing, of Madison, Ia., has been appointed Charge to Sweden, in place of H. L. Ellsworth, recalled.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Sherman Thurston,

Was arrested a few days since at Oswego, on the charge of breaking into Hiram Judson's jewelry store some weeks ago. A portion of the property was recovered, and the guilt of the prisoner clearly established upon the examination.

L. N. Fowler,

Continues his lectures at Malcolm Hall, to gradually increasing audiences. Phrenologists and Phrenological Science in this country, owe much to the labors of the brothers, Fowler.

The Man who inhaled the Gas,

From the pipe on the corner of Salina and Fayette streets, nearly lost his life: he was insensible four or five hours after the accident. This should be a warning to those who have charge of the apparatus.

Theaters.

The Old Baptist Church and Brintnall's Hall, are both to be fitted up as Theaters. Of course both will be failures. By such establishments as these must be, Syracuse will be likely to gain little but an augmentation of vice—an increase quite unnecessary.

Literary.

NOTICES.

SKETCHES OF REFORMS AND REFORMERS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By Henry B. Stanton. New York: John Wiley, 161 Broadway.

Such is the title of an admirably executed volume mostly composed of articles originally furnished for publication in the *National Era*.

From the hasty glance we have been able to give it we learn that it has been the design of the author to place before the American Public, not only condensed personal sketches of the principal British Reformers of the last seventy five years, but the history and bearing of their measures upon British Politics.

In style this volume is bold, vivid, and masterly, presenting in a singularly attractive form such historical and personal incidents as must interest every reader.

Although many readers may not participate in our author's supplementary views of the British *Literati*, and Literature, we predict that no one will lay down this fascinating book unread.

The following scrap of Literary History, we consider unsurpassed by any in the language;

"In estimating the literary influences which have contributed to the cause of Progress and Reform in Great Britain, during the present century, a high place should be assigned to the EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"This celebrated periodical appeared at an era when independence of thought and manliness had almost ceased from the public journals and councils of the kingdom. The terrors of the French revolution had arrested the march of liberal opinions. The declamation of Burke and the ambition of Napoleon had frightened the isle from its propriety. Tooke had barely escaped the gallows through the courageous eloquence of Erskine. Fox had withdrawn from the contest in despair, and cherished in secret the fires of freedom, to burst forth in happier times.

"Previous to 1802, the literary periodicals of Great Britain, letters, and gossip, partly original and partly selected, huddled together without system, and making up a medley as varied and respectable as a first class weekly newspaper of the present day. The criticisms of books were jejune in the extreme, consisting chiefly of a few smart witticisms, and meager connecting remarks stringing together ample quotations from the work under review. They rarely ventured into deep water on philosophical subjects, and as seldom pushed out upon the tempestuous sea of political discussion. Perhaps one or two journals might plead a feeble exception to the general rule; but the mass were weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable.

"The Edinburgh appeared. It bounded into the arena without the countenance of birth or station, imprimature of the universities or literary clubs. Its avowed mission was to erect a higher standard of merit, and secure bolder principles in the maxims of truth and humanity in politics, aiming to be the manual of the scholar, the monitor of the statesman. As in its advent it had asked permission of no one to be, so as to its future course it asked no advice as to what it should do. Soliciting no quarter, promising no favors, its independent bearing and defiant tone broke the spell which held the mind of a nation in fetters. Its first number revived the discussion of great political principles. The splendid diction and searching philosophy of an essay on the causes and consequences of

the French revolution at once arrested the public eye, and stamped the character of the journal.—Pedants in the pulpit, and scribblers of Rosa-Matilda verses in printed albums, saw, from other articles in the manifesto, that exterminating war was declared on their inanities and sentimentalities.—The new journal was perused with avidity, and produced a sensation in all classes of readers, exciting admiration and envy, love and hatred, defiance and fear. It rapidly obtained a large circulation, steadily rose to the highest position ever attained by any similar publication, reigned supreme in an empire of its own creation for a third of a century, accomplishing vast good mingled with no inconsiderable evil.

"The honor of founding this Review belongs to Sydney Smith. He suggested the idea to Messrs. Jeffrey, Brougham, and Murray—he, a poor young curate of Salishury Plain, "driven in stress of politics" into Edinburgh, while on a voyage to Germany—they, briefless young advocates of the northern capital. They all subsequently rose to eminence; all becoming lords except Smith, who might have been made a lord bishop if he had not been created the prince of wits. The four adventurers, who met in the eight or ninth story of Buccleugh Place, and agreed to start a Review, provided they could get the first number published on trust, they not having money enough to pay the printer, could not have dreamed that the journal would be eagerly read for half a century, from London to Calcutta, from the Cape of Good Hope to the sources of the Mississippi, and that Brougham would become Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, Jeffrey Lord Justice of the highest court of Scotland, Murray also Lord Justice of Scotland and Smith Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, firing hot shot at Pennsylvania for not paying interest on a small loan from his surplus of £60,000.

"Did space permit, it might be interesting to attempt to trace the cause of the great power which this periodical exerted over public opinions. The temper of the times when it appeared in respect to politics, and the Dead sea of dullness in literary criticism that spread all around, gave novelty to an enterprise which proposed to combine the highest literary and scientific excellence with the boldest discussion of public men and affairs. The execution of the plan came up to the lofty tone of the manifesto. In its infancy, and onward to its maturity, the Edinburgh surrounded itself with a host of contributors whose names have given and received celebrity from its pages. Smith, Jeffrey, Brougham, Murray, Scott, Playfair, Leslie, Brewster, Stewart, Horner, Romilly, Stephen, Mackintosh, Brown, Malthus, Ricardo, Hallem, Hamilton, Hazlitt, Forster, McCulloch, Macaulay, Carlyle, Talfourd—and these are but a tithe—have given it their choicest productions, ranging through the fields of politics, finance, jurisprudence, ethics, science, poetry, art, and letters, in all their multifarious departments. The contributions of many of these writers have been extracted and published in separate volumes, which, in their turn, have challenged the criticism of celebrated reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Nor was less zest imparted to its earlier pages because ability was not always accompanied with candor, and attacks upon distinguished authors and statesmen were no less fierce than assaults upon popular works and venerable institutions. Persons and principles were alike mixed in the melee.—Nobody, nothing was spared that opposed the literary Tamerlane. In the department of literary criticism, its standard was just, lofty, or capricious, according to its mood; its styles, by turns and by

authors, grave or sarcastic, eulogistic or saucy, argumentative or sentimental, chaste or slashing, classical or savage. A man-of-war of the first class, and of the regular service, when civil and ecclesiastical abuses were to be discovered and destroyed, in literary contests it often ran up the flag and used the weapons of the buccaneer. Not only did it exterminate the small craft of penny-a-line novelists and poetasters, but it pursued Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Montgomery, Lamb, and all with whom they treated or sympathized, with a spirit akin to that of the "Red Corsair of the Mozambique," when chasing

—"Argosies with portly sails,
Flying by him with thir woven wings,
Rich with Barbaric pearl and gold."

The very temerity of the Review, sustained by such rare learning, ability, and brilliancy, gave it currency with friends and foes. It was admitted by its enemies that no similar publication displayed so many rich veins of thought, uttered so many acute observations, or arrayed its offspring in such graceful drapery; and they found fault, not so much with the standards set up, or the principles inculcated, as with their alledged unjust application to their favorite books and authors. The answer of the reviewers was short and characteristic. If they used the stiletto or the scalping-knife when they ought to use the scimitar or the broadsword, why, that was according to the canons of criticism they had in such cases made and provided, and the friends of the slain might resort to reprisals.

"A specimen of the mode in which it drowned in ridicule, pedantry and stupidity, is sound in the first number, in a review, by Sidney Smith, of Rev. Langford's "Anniversary Sermon of the Royal Humane Society." After giving the title of the publication in the usual form, the reviewer says: "An accident which happened to the gentleman engaged in reviewing this sermon proves, in the most striking manner, the importance of this charity for restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered with Dr. Langford's discourse lying open before him, in a state of the most profound sleep, from which he could not, by any means, be awakened for a great length of time. By attending, however, to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society, flinging in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot flannels, and carefully removing the discourse itself to a great distance, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers. The only account he could give of himself was, that he remembers reading on regularly, till he came to the following pathetic description of a drowned tradesman; beyond which he recollects nothing." Then follows a paragraph from the sermon, dropsical with dullness; and here the article ends.

"A specimen of the style in which it pronounced sentence of contempt on an author is found at a later date, and is perfect of its kind. It is the introductory paragraph of Macaulay's review of Gleig's Life of Warren Hastings. "This book," says Macaulay, "seems to have been manufactured in pursuance of a contract, by which the representatives of Warren Hastings, on the one part, bound themselves to furnish papers, and Mr. Gleig on the other part, bound himself to furnish praise. It is but just to say, that the covenants on both sides have been most faithfully kept; and the result is before us in the form of three big bad volumes, full of undigested correspondence and undiscerning panegyric." Macaulay then goes on through seventy pages, giving his own brilliant portrait of Hastings, never noticing the author except at long

ervals, when he turns aside for a moment to give him a blow in the face with his brush.

The Review gave an impulse to periodical literature, and elevated the tone of literary criticism and political disquisition. Grub street made a stand against the invader, worthy of its ancient garrets. It issued fifty pamphlets in a single year, explaining, extenuating, defending, defying. But dullness and insipidity at length gave way, and retreated rapidly to the trunk-makers and green grocers. Much evil was mingled with the good. The excellences of the new journal were not alone imitated. Ferocity and fire blazed out from the pages of contemporaneous publications. But, they were the rush-light to Vesuvius. At length, soldiers of higher mettle and brighter armor than Grub street could muster took the field. Byron had shivered a lance with the Edinburgh, Southey, whose scalp it had mangled was stung to madness, and vowed vengeance. Scott denounced its politics as rash, radical and revolutionary. The great Whig rhinoceros from beyond the Tweed had ravaged the softer landscape of England, and tossed tory politicians and poets on its horn for six years, when Brougham's celebrated article on Don Pedro de Cevallos and Spanish affairs appeared, avowing ultra-democratic doctrines. Scott, who had some time before ceased to be a contributor, now ordered his subscription stopped, and entered into correspondence with Ellis, Southey, Gifford, and others, in regard to starting a rival periodical, that should encounter the spoiler in his own field, and with weapons of like temper and force. The result was the establishment, in 1809, of the Quarterly Review, in London. Its editor was William Gifford; and in boldness, bitterness, dogmatism, and ferocity, he was a full match for any writer in the Edinburgh; though, in comprehension of broad principles and appreciation of the beautiful, in acuteness and originality, he fell below the journal he was set up to overthrow.

But, dazzling as has been the meteoric career of the Edinburgh in the firmament of letters, it is in the department of governmental reform that its greatest and best services have been rendered.—Its founder has well said, that at its advent 'it was always considered a piece of impertinence in England if a man of less than £2,000 or £3,000 a year had any opinion at all on important subjects.' The Edinburgh Review has taught a Manchester calico-printer how to take the Government by the beard. In the forty-six years of its existence, it has seen the British slave trade abolished—a devastating European war terminated—the Holy Alliance broken up, and its anointed conspirators brought into contempt—the corporation and test acts repealed—the Catholics emancipated—the criminal code humanized—the death penalty circumscribed—the reform bill carried, extending the suffrage to half a million of people—West India and East India slavery abolished—the commercial monopoly of the East India Company overthrown—municipal corporations reformed—the court of chancery opened, and sunlight let in upon its doings—the common law courts made more accessible to the masses—the law of libel made endurable—the poor-laws made more charitable—the game-laws brought nearer the verge of modern civilization—the corn-laws repealed—the post-office made subservient to all who can raise a penny—the means of educating the poor increased—the privileges of the Established Church curtailed in three kingdoms, and a long catalogue of minor reforms effected, and dignity and intensity imparted to the popular demand for still larger concessions to the progressive genius of the age. And this

journal may proudly say, that all these measures have received the support, and most of them the early, zealous, and powerful support of the Edinburgh Review. These measures gained advantages from the advocacy of the Review, far beyond the intrinsic force of the arguments with which it supported them; as, indeed, did the party of progress whose oracle it was. Its brilliant literary reputation shed a lustre around the most radical opinions, clothing them in bright raiment, and giving them an introduction into the halls of the learned, and the saloons of the noble. Its numerous articles on liberal and general education, especially those written by Sidney Smith, are above all praise. And while it impaled bores and charlatans in literature, and scourged quacks and villains in the State, it was no less a terror to hypocrites and oppressors in the Church. But candor must admit, that if it was generally a terror to all evildoers in the name of religion, it was not always a praise to them that did well.

The ecclesiastical and religious tone of the Review, during the first twenty years of its existence, was imparted to it mainly by Sidney Smith. He had a good deal more wit than charity; was not ashamed to steal his sermons from Taylor, Hooker and Barrow, that he might save time to shoot sarcasms at Wesley and 'the nasty Methodists,' and shower ridicule upon Wilberforce and the 'patent Christians at Clapham;' and seemed to have little reverence for any part of the Establishment which he defended, except its tithes and its titles. He pleaded for toleration and emancipation, not so much because Dissenters and Catholics deserved them, but because to grant them would silence clamor, and more firmly secure the power and patronage, and exalt the dignity of 'the Church.' But, though it breathed a good deal of this spirit, the Review always contended for religious freedom, and, when need be, was as hearty in its assaults upon the miter of the primate, and its ridicule of the starched robes of the bench of bishops, as of ranters and patent Christians. Sidney Smith hated tyranny, but he loved money; he was a humane man, and no ascetic or bigot; and it was his superabundant wit, and the ludicrous light in which almost everything struck his mind, that gave edge to the sarcasms, and made him seem more uncharitable than he really was. Two of his articles in the Edinburgh carried through Parliament a bill extending to all grades of felons the full benefit of counsel when on trial. Previous to this, counsel, even in capital cases, were not allowed to address juries in favor of prisoners, and before a poor wretch could get half through a stammering speech in his own behalf, he was generally choked off by the judge, that he might be the more speedily strangled by the hangman. Ah! old Dean Swift humanized; few men have done more to explode error, shame bigotry, and explode abuses, than thou!

As a political journal, the influence of the Edinburgh Review has, to a great extent, passed away. Its power and glory culminated during the administration of Earl Grey. Till then, it shone in unrivaled splendor, pouring its beams in the path of progress, and shedding more light around the footsteps of reform than all other like sources combined. Other luminaries, fresher in their rising, and reflecting the opinions of the awakened mind of England, have dimmed its fires. It has grown wayward, timid, conservative, and aristocratic, touching gingerly, and with gloved fingers, topics which it once handled without mittens. From the hour it became the organ of power, it ceased to be the herald of the people. In its decline, it has oc-

asionally roused itself, and struck a blow for freedom, which revived the memory of the glorious days before the blight of Conservatism came upon it. It has shared the fate of the Whigs, and of all Quarterlies, as the organs of political opinion. Periodical literature has seen a revolution in the public taste. Quarterlies and Monthlies hardly survived the advent of railways. The electric telegraph, which can barely keep pace with the revolutions of parties and states, has made even Weeklies seem stale. The Penny Magazine defies the Quarterly, and the Daily Press rules the hour.—But, ten thousand thanks to the Edinburgh Review, for ushering in an era which has made its own existence no longer necessary to the politician and the statesman.

For sale by Wynkoop & Brother.

CORINNE, OU L'ITALIE, par Mme. La Baronne De Stael. A New York: Leavitt et Compagnie, Broadway.

'Corinne, or Italy,' by Madame De Stael, is too well known among scholars to require any praise. Of all the works of that gifted woman, it is undoubtedly that of highest merit. It was Sir Jas. Mackintosh who said, 'I swallow *Corinne* slowly, that I may taste every drop; I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread its termination.'

To those learning to read French, no more desirable work can be recommended. The present edition, too, is got up in the characteristically elegant style of the house whose imprint it bears.

SYNOPSIS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR; *Explaining the Proper Use of Words, and the Analysis and Construction of Sentences.* By T. R. Crandall.

In this unpretending little work, the author has contributed his mite towards the abbreviation of Grammatical Definitions, and rendering attractive the Rudiments of the Science. It contains many practical hints by which Teachers may profit, and its perusal by those who are interested in the Grammar of our Language will be amply repaid.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE, No. 286.

Contents:—Mornings among the Jesuits; What becomes of Discharged Prisoners?; German Travelers in N. America; Nature's Ice Caves; Language of the Tombs; Water in London; Turkey and Russia, &c.

For sale at Palmer's.

AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Nov.

This No. is full of lively and interesting articles, bearing upon the Science of Human Nature. The Portrait of Asa Whitney, and the dissection of his character, cannot fail to interest those who have reflected upon his 'Pacific Railroad' enterprise.

For sale at Peck's.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL.

The Nov. No. of this *Hydropathic Organ*, presents a variety of useful and interesting articles, besides many valuable suggestions to those desirous of health and longevity.

New York: Fowler & Wells.

For sale by B. R. Peck & Co.

THE NEW GRAEFENBERG WATER-CURE REPORTER.

We have received the eleventh No. of this Monthly, devoted as its Prospectus indicates to the 'Hydropathic Treatment of Disease, the Report of Cases, and the dissemination of the Principles of Physiology and Medical Reform.' The ar-

articles in the No. before us are mostly original, and of a candid and common-sense character.

Published at Utica, by R. Holland.

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

FOREIGN.

By the Steamships Hibernia and Washington.

England.

Arrangements are being made for the *Exhibition of Industry*, to be held in London next year. It is to be a *World Fair*, to which all nations without distinction or preference, may attend for the exhibition of their various specimens of art and industry.

Ireland.

The anti-rent conspiracy is extending throughout every part of the island. The papers are filled with accounts of the seizure of crops by the peasantry, who seem determined to enjoy the whole fruit of their labors.

The potato disease is universal and complete, and the peasantry feel that they must resort to the most desperate measures or die of starvation.

The feuds between the Orangemen and the Repealers are reviving, and give promise of more anarchy and bloodshed.

Cconciliation Hall continues open, and the Repeal Rent is on the increase.

France.

The Roman question is under consideration in the National Assembly. The Report of M. Thiers on this question is decidedly conservative—taking the ground that—as liberal institutions are incompatible with the temporal supremacy of the Pope, and the inviolability of the Romish Church—it will be unsafe to entertain any propositions of such a character as the Roman People demand.

The bill affirming the annual dowry of 300,000 francs to the Duchess of Orleans, passed the National Assembly, after a violent opposition.

The Red Republicans are busily engaged in promulgating their principles throughout the departments.

A duel came off between Thiers and Rixó—the latter being the challenged party. The offence, was the charge by M. Rixó, that the former had said, 'the election of Louis Napoleon would be a disgrace to France.'

It is said the Minister of Foreign Affairs has received from the Russian Charge a note to the effect that the entrance of the French fleet in the Dardanelles will be considered by the autocrat a declaration of war.

Turkey.

The Turkish Empire is in a state of armed inactivity, anxiously awaiting the reply of Nicholas. The opinion prevails at Constantinople that war cannot be avoided.

The Hungarian Refugees are to be removed to the island of Candia.

Austria.

Haynau's military executions continue. Thirteen of the Hungarian Generals who laid down their arms and prevailed on their armies to surrender, have been executed under semblance of court-martial decrees.

Rome.

It is the opinion of many that the Pope is preparing to return to the Vatican.

DOMESTIC.

THE ELECTIONS.—Judging from the character of the returns received previous to putting our paper to press, the Whigs must have elected their state ticket by a large majority.

THE CENSUS FOR 1850.—John M. Clayton, Secretary of State; Jacob Colliamer, Postmaster-General; and Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Home Department, are constituted, under the Act of the 3d of March last, the Board of Control for taking the Census of 1850.

The primary object of the Census is to ascertain the basis of representation of the several States in Congress; and secondary to this will be the collection of statistics of the products and resources of the different States.

DECISION IN THE GREAT TELEGRAPH CASE.—The trial between Messrs. Morse and O'Reilly, has at length closed, and a decision has been rendered at Frankfort, Ky., in favor of Mr. Morse. His patents having been fully sustained—the first for fourteen years from the date of his French patent in 1838; and the second for fourteen years from 1836. The Columbian instrument was likewise declared to be an infringement upon Mr. M's system, and an injunction was granted against its use during the full term of the above-named patents. Mr. O'Reilly has appealed from this decision.

'PROGRESS.'—Mr. Charles L. Reason, a colored artist of New York, has been elected Professor in Central College, at McGrawville, N. Y., of which Rev. C. P. Grosvenor, is President. He is the first gentleman of color who has been elected to a College professorship in this country. A correspondent of the *Christian Contributor*, speaks of his inauguration as being full of clear, comprehensive, philosophical thought, clothed in a neat and classical dress.

CANADIAN ANNEXATION.—Resolutions in favor of the Annexation of Canada to the United States, have been introduced into both Houses of the Vermont Legislature. Papers of all parties advocate the measure, too, together with political meetings and Conventions in all parts of the Northern States. The following recently adopted by the 'Free De-mocracy' of Putnam Co., Ill., on motion of Harvey B. Leeper, the Secretary of the meeting:

Resolved, That we are in favor of the peaceful annexation of Canada to the United States, and that we will use all legal and peaceable means to that effect.

NEWS FROM THE SALT LAKE, and the account from the emigrants are anything but flattering.—Great suffering amongst them. Between 15 and 20,000 emigrants, according to this account, will be obliged to pass the ensuing winter among our Mormon neighbors. This detention was caused by the careless or wanton conduct of the leading portion of the emigrants, in burning the country beyond the Salt Lake. All the grass is consumed for nearly 200 miles, which, of course, renders the passage of animals impossible.

VIRGINIA GOLD.—Extract of a letter to the editors of the Richmond Republican, from the county of Nelson:

'I would take this opportunity of saying to you, that our neighbor, Elisha Thurmond, Esq., is still going ahead of the Californians in digging gold. I saw a few days since at his house, \$163, the proceeds of one day's labor of six hands. One lump—pure virgin gold—\$123, another \$35; the balance of the day's work was in small parcels. He also gets a handsome yield for every day he works in his mine.'

Mr. J. M. BARRETT, of Ohio, who was arrested at Spartanburg, S. C., some time since, on a charge of circulating incendiary publications, or something of that sort, has been tried and acquitted. He is now at liberty. The sympathies of a large portion of the community about him, appear to have been with him.

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA.—The New York Tribune has advices from an influential member of the California Convention, at Monterey, that an express interdiction of Slavery will be embodied in the constitution thereby formed.

AN INCIDENT.—At a concert in Cleveland, lately, Mrs. Seba Smith's song, descriptive of the death of Mrs. Blake, who was found frozen to death with her infant hugged to her breast still alive, was sung, and it was made known that Mr. Blake and the young lady thus saved, were at that moment in the room!

GLEANINGS.

Preparations are being made in the city of New York, for the reception of the remains of Gen. Worth, Col. Duncan, and Major Gaines.

The mechanics of Kingston, C. W., have recently held a meeting to protest against the admission of convict's labor to a competition with theirs.

200 Steamboats are built in this country every year.

Lord Brougham is seventy-one years of age.

This favorite actress, (Miss Julia Dean,) is playing at Chicago.

A mosque is to be built in Paris for those who profess the Mohammedan faith.

An anti-slavery world's convention, is to be held in New York next summer.

The population of Cleveland, (Ohio,) is upwards of 21,000! A growing city.

The Ladies in Gotham have a new style of low-necked dresses called the 'Onderdonkian!'

The net gain of communicants to the Baptist Church in the United States for the last year, has been set down at 18,057.

Gov. Fish has appointed Thursday, the 29th inst., as a day of Thanksgiving.

Cassius M. Clay has entirely recovered from the wounds he received in his last brawl.

Gen. Shields has been elected U. S. Senator for Illinois. The vote stood for Shields, 72; Cyrus Edwards, 21.

Elihu Burritt, humanity's Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Great Britain, returned to this country in the last steamer. He has done a good work abroad, and will continue it at home.

Mrs. Judson, better known to our readers as Fanny Forrester, has another 'bird' in her 'Indian nest,' and at last advices was doing well.

Lola Montes was, at the last advices, in Bologna. She arrived there on the 10th ult., and passed under the name of Mrs. Tafford, till detected.

A party of single ladies have engaged passage in a vessel soon to sail from Boston for California.

It is rumored that Powers' 'Greek Slave' has been sold to the Smithsonian Institute.

There are 28 vessels up for California in New York.

The sons of New Hampshire, residing in Boston, are to have a public festival on the 7th of November, at which Senator Webster is to preside. They comprise many of the leading men in the city of notions.

The Phrenological Journal.

This Journal is a monthly publication, containing thirty-six or more octavo pages, at One Dollar a year, in advance.

To reform and perfect ourselves and our race, is the most exalted of all works. To do this we must understand the HUMAN CONSTITUTION. This, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, and VITAL MAGNETISM embrace, and hence fully expound all the laws of our being, conditions of happiness, and causes of misery; constituting the philosopher's stone of UNIVERSAL TRUTH.

PHRENOLOGY.

Each number will contain either the analysis and location of some phrenological faculty, illustrated by an engraving, or an article on their combinations; and also the organization and character of some distinguished personage, accompanied by a likeness, together with frequent articles on Physiognomy and the Temperaments.

The Phrenological Journal is published by

FOWLERS AND WELLS,
Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau-st., N. York.

The Spirit of the Age.

This weekly newspaper seeks as its end the Peaceful Transformation of human societies from isolated to associated interests—from competitive to co-operative industry—from dissimilarity to unity. Amidst Revolution and Reaction, it advocates Reorganization. It desires to reconcile conflicting classes, and to harmonize man's various tendencies by an orderly arrangement of all relations, in the Family, the Township, the Nation, the World.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

will aim to reflect the highest light on all sides communicated in relation to Nature, Man, and the Divine Being—illustrating, according to its power, the laws of Universal Unity.

By summaries of News, domestic and foreign—reports of Reform Movements—sketches of Scientific discoveries and Mechanical inventions—notes of Books and Works of Art—and extracts from the periodical literature of Continental Europe, Great Britain and the United States—THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE will endeavor to present a faithful record of human progress.

This paper is edited by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, and published weekly, by FOWLERS AND WELLS, on a super royal sheet, folded into sixteen pages suitable for binding.

The terms are \$2.00 a year, in advance. All letters should be addressed to FOWLERS AND WELLS, Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau street, New York.

The Water-Cure Journal.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL AND HERALD OF REFORMS, is published monthly, at ONE DOLLAR a year, in advance, containing thirty-two large octavo pages, illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the Structure and Anatomy of the entire Human Body; with familiar explanations, easily to be understood by all classes.

The Water-Cure Journal, emphatically a JOURNAL OF HEALTH, embracing the true principles of LIFE AND LONGEVITY, has now been before the public several years. And they have expressed their approval of it by giving it a monthly circulation of upwards of Ten Thousand Copies. This Journal is edited by the leading Hydropathic practitioners, aided by numerous able contributors in various parts of our own and other countries.

FOWLERS AND WELLS, Publishers,
Clinton Hall, 129 and 131 Nassau-street, New York.

B. R. PECK & Co., are our authorized Agents for Syracuse; ADRIANCE, for Oswego; D. M. DEWEY, for Rochester; T. S. HAWKS, for Buffalo; and all Booksellers, Postmasters, and Teachers, throughout the United States.

Trade Sale Books.

WE are now receiving great additions to our stock of Theological, Classical, School, Miscellaneous and Library Books—purchased at the late New York Trade Sales—enabling us to offer greater inducements than ever before to purchasers.
WYNKOOP & BROTHER,
Oct. 20, 1849.

SCHOOL BOOKS AT WHOLESALE!—Country Merchants and all who purchase by the quantity, supplied with School Books and Stationery on the best of terms by
WYNKOOP & BROTHER,
Oct. 20, 1849. No. 5, Salina street.

Surgeon Dentists.**Dr. JAMES CHANDLER & SON,**

ARE well prepared to insert entire sets of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, so perfectly adapted to the mouth as not to be distinguished from the natural. They are as useful, as beautiful, are as incorruptible as the fine gold on which they are set. For skill in all operations of DENTAL SURGERY, they invite comparison with any work in the country.

Rooms, No. 8, FRANKLIN BUILDING, up stairs.
Syracuse, Nov. 1849.

Salem Town's School Books,

Published by

H. GILLAM & Co.,

No. 65, GENESEE STREET, AUBURN, NEW YORK.

Child's FIRST BOOK; Trade price, 12½ cents.
Town's SECOND READER; " 31½ "
" THIRD READER; " 50 "
" FOURTH READER; " 80 "
" FIFTH READER; will be published soon.
" SPELLER & DEFINER; Trade price, 16½ cents.
" ANALYSIS, " 37½ "

The above works were adopted at the last session of the Onondaga Co. Teachers' Institute, and are already used in nearly one half the schools in the county.

Teachers, or persons wishing the above works for introduction, will be supplied at very reduced prices by Wynkoop & Brother, Syracuse; or by addressing John A. Kerr, care of H. Gillam & Co., Auburn.

Books will be sent to any part of the County, if desired. H. Gillam & Co. also publish WELD'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR & PARSING BOOK, which were adopted by the Institute at its Spring Session.

To School Teachers,

AND THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION, GENERALLY.

GATES, STEDMAN & Co.,

116 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Publish this day, Thursday, July 5th, *The Primer and First Reader* of the NATURAL SERIES OF READING BOOKS, by OLIVER B. PIERCE.

"Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave."—Pope.

Also, an *Essay on Reading, Spelling, &c. &c.*, by the same.

Teachers and school officers in the city, are invited to call and receive copies for examination.

Those residing in any other part of the United States, who will send, post paid, their post-office address, shall receive gratis, through the mail, copies of the above, subject only to postage, which on the *Primer* (bound) is 4 1-2 cents; on the *First Reader*, 6 1-2 cents; the *Essay*, 2 1-2 cents.

The *Second Reader* will be issued in about three weeks, and will be sent on the same terms as the above. Postage about 10 or 12 cents probably.

The following are some of the features of "The Natural Series," when complete. Especial attention is solicited to the plan of teaching the *right pronunciation of words*, (without continual reference to the teacher) as the author believes that life is too short for a person to be required to spend one-half in going astray, and half of the other half in discovering his mistake, and returning to the right road.

I. *The Primer*; alphabetical, with more than seventy cuts. 72 pages.

II. *The First Reader*; with more than fifty cuts. 108 p.

III. *The Second Reader*; with more than fifty cuts—in press.

IV. *The Third Reader*; to be issued in September, 1849.

V. *The Fourth Reader*; to follow the Third Reader very soon.

VI. *The Fifth Reader*; to follow the Fourth Reader very soon.

The *Primer* presents a new and improved method of learning the alphabet. Following the alphabetical exercises are XXXIV. easy lessons in Spelling and Reading.

In his progress through the Series, the child learns *correctly* the principles of Orthoepy and Orthography, by the same lessons, and according to *actual usage* among the best speakers and writers of the day.

By the various primary works, from the first writing of the language down to the present time, the learner has been taught to pronounce *incorrectly* various classes of words, but especially that very numerous class having the termination *ed*, not spoken as a separate syllable; as *lov-ed*, *prov-ed*, *knock-ed*, *dash-ed*, *miss-ed*, &c.

The child having been taught by the books to pronounce such words as just indicated, finds, later, to his perplexity and discouragement, that what he has thus acquired is all wrong.—He must now unlearn this, and learn that such words are to be spoken, *lov*, not *lov-ed*; *prov*, not *prov-ed*; *no*kt, not *knock-ed*; *dash*, not *dash-ed*; *mis*t, not *miss-ed*, &c., &c.

By the *Natural Series*, the child is *always* taught the right, first; and not the *wrong* afterwards.

It is believed that the use of the *Natural Series* will secure a free, easy and natural style of elocution in the progressive tyro, and will *naturalize* the constrained, stiff and artificial reader.

It is believed, also, that these books are better graduated in their intellectual character, than others now in common use, *simpler, clearer, higher, and more attractive and impressive* in their moral tone.

CITY LAND SALE.**MILL POND TRACT.**

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Common Council of the City of Syracuse, will on the 4th day of December next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., expose for sale at public Auction, to the highest bidder, the lands hereinafter described—or so much thereof as may be necessary—at the Empire House, in the city of Syracuse, for the non-payment of the sum of \$2,150 20 spent by the City in reclaiming the said lands, and personally demanded of the owners, and also for the expense of advertising and selling the same. Such sale will be made by virtue of the Act of the Legislature of this State, passed on the 25th day of January, 1849, entitled "An Act to authorize the abatement of a nuisance on lands owned by the People of the State of New York, and other lands in the city of Syracuse;" and will be subject to any previous taxes or assessments thereon.

The lands above referred to, are described as follows:—Those two certain pieces or parcels of land on Block No. 105, in the late village of Syracuse, according to the map and survey of John Lathrop, bounded thus: The one commencing at a point on the north side of the old mill pond 206 feet west of the east line of said Block and 76 feet south of Fayette street; thence south on a line parallel with Clinton street to the center of the old channel of the Onondaga Creek; Thence westerly along the center of such channel to the center of the new channel of said Creek; thence northerly along the center of said new channel until it is intersected by a continuation of the south line of Fayette street; thence easterly along such continuation and such south line to a point in the south line of Fayette street 360 feet west of the north-east corner of said Block; thence south on a line parallel with Clinton street 20 feet; thence southeasterly to a point 65 feet south of Fayette street, and 272 feet west of Clinton street; thence south-easterly to the place of beginning. The other piece bounded thus: Beginning on the north line of said mill pond at a point 75 feet west from Clinton street, and 138 feet south of Fayette street; thence south on a line parallel with Clinton street to the center of the old channel of the Onondaga Creek; thence west along the center of such channel 30 feet; thence north on a line parallel with Clinton street to a point 105 feet west of Clinton street, and 132 feet south of Fayette street, and thence easterly to the place of beginning.

The channels of the Onondaga Creek, above mentioned, are as laid down on a map of the same made by Benjamin F. Green, surveyor, &c.

By order of the Board,

E. W. LEAVENWORTH, Mayor.

S. CORNING JUDG, Clerk.
Syracuse, Oct. 11, 1849.

PALMER'S NEWS ROOM,

SYRACUSE HOUSE,

Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.,

Where every variety of Magazines, Cheap Publications, Newspapers, Daily and Weekly, &c., &c., may be found at Wholesale or Retail, upon the most favorable terms.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONG HIS LIST OF

MAGAZINES,

RECEIVED EVERY MONTH:

Eclectic Magazine,	\$6 per year, 50c No.
Knickerbocker do.,	5 " 44 "
Hunt's Merch't's do.,	5 " 44 "
Am. Whig Review,	5 " 44 "
Littell's Living Age,	6 " 12½ weekly.
Democratic Review,	3 " 25 monthly.
Gramam's Magazine,	3 " 25 "
Godey's Lady's Book,	3 " 25 "
Blackwood's do.,	3 " 25 "
Sartain's Union Mag.,	3 " 25 "
Holden's Dollar do.,	1 " 12½ "
Ladies' National do.,	2 " 18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath,	1 " 9 "
" Family Circle,	1 " 9 "
Merry's Museum,	1 " 9 "
N. American Review,	1 " 1,25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do.,	3 " 75 "
Westminster do.,	3 " 75 "
London do.,	3 " 75 "
North British do.,	3 " 75 "

NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation, Tribune, Scientific American, Organ, Spirit of the Times, Home Journal, Police Gazette, Literary World, New York Herald, Sunday Mercury, Ned Buntline's Own, Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle, Sam Yankee, Flag of our Union, Museum, Pilot, Yankee Blade, Olive Branch, Star Spangled Banner.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier, Neal's Gazette, Dollar Newspaper, Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times, News, Punch.

W. L. PALMER, Syracuse.

**GALLERY.**

Franklin Buildings, Syracuse.

LIKENESSES by the improved DAGUERRETYPE. Of various sizes, and of the most delicate execution, may be obtained at the above Rooms during the day, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Prices from \$1 to \$20.

Chemicals, Plates, Cases, Cameras, Apparatus, and other materials connected with the Art, constantly on hand, and for sale at New York prices. The above articles are selected with great care, and warranted in all cases. J. M. CLARK, October, 1849. F. J. CLARK.

Arithmetical Tables,

Comprising ADDITION, SUBTRACTION, MULTIPLICATION and DIVISION; arranged on a new plan, and set to Music; By T. H. BOWEN, Teacher of Music, &c., in the N. Y. State Normal School.

Published by Asa C. Bowen, and for sale by W. C. Little, Albany, L. W. Hall, Syracuse, and by Booksellers in general.

Removal.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE has removed his HAT AND FUR STORE opposite (north) of the Syracuse House, Genesee Street, next door to B. R. Norton & Co., Jewellers, where will be kept as good and fashionable assortment of Goods as can be found in the State of New York, in our line.

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Black and Arab Beaver, White and Black Brush, Mole Skin and Silk Hats.

From the well known and fashionable establishment of Wm. H. Beebe & Co., Broadway, New York. Panama, Manilla, Cactus, and all kinds of STRAW HATS for gentlemen. Youths' and Children's Cloth Caps of all kinds and qualities. Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, and Traveling Bags, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Cash paid for any quantity of Fleece, Wool, Sheep and Lamb Skins. Store, Genesee Street, opposite north of the Syracuse House.

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GEER & BENEDICT are now prepared to execute Likenesses by the improved Daguerreotype, all the various sizes, that shall be equal in delicacy of tone, and brilliancy of finish, to any in the State.

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P. H. BENEDICT.

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This has recently been revised and considerably enlarged.—The clearness and conciseness of its rules have secured for it a very extensive circulation. 37 1-2 cents.

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Has also been revised, and about seventy pages of additional matter have been inserted. It develops the higher principles of Arithmetic more fully than any other book before the public. 75 cents.

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Prepared expressly for Common Schools, and by the best teachers pronounced "admirably adapted to that purpose."—75 cents.

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Embracing, besides the elementary principles, the Theorem of Sturm, and the higher parts usually taught in Colleges. A revised, enlarged and improved edition recently published.

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With Practical Applications—lately published, and distinguished from all former text books on Geometry, by applying the principles to practice, as fast as they are explained. \$1.00.

Teachers wishing to make arrangements for the introduction of these works, are requested to address

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THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand, a very extensive assortment of

Watches, Jewelry, Silver-Ware, Spectacles, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.

Being extensively engaged in the importation of Watch movements and casing the same with Gold and Silver, we are enabled to sell at the lowest New York prices.

JEWELRY we buy directly of manufacturers, thereby saving at least the New York Jobbers' profit.

We have a large manufactory where SILVER-WARE of all kinds is made equal to any this side of the Atlantic and of SILVER EQUAL TO COIN.

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The subscribers are the sole Agents for this and sixteen other counties in this State, for the sale of Burt's Periscope Spectacles, the best glass now made.

CLOCKS of all descriptions and warranted good time keepers.

Plated & Britannia Ware of all kinds.

FANCY GOODS of every description usually kept in Stores of this kind.

We wish it to be understood that we will not be undersold.

N. B. Watches and Jewelry repaired by skilful workmen.

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Between the Syracuse House and Post Office.

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ALLEN & HOUGH,

DEALERS IN

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Corner of Salina and Washington Street, opposite the Rail Road Depot.

Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all warranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth, Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments, Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other approved Instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books for all Instruments, and, in short, every thing that a music store should contain. Bands furnished at New York prices.

Syracuse, July 21, 1849.

L. W. HALL,

BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER,

No. 11, SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE,

Has constantly on hand, a general assortment of School and Library Books, Maps, Globes, and other School Apparatus,

Which he sells, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, on the best Terms, to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c.

*. The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine his Stock.

April 8, '49.

City Drug Store.

A Large and well selected assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Dental Stock and Fancy Goods,

Can be found at the CITY DRUG STORE, all of which are of the first quality and will be sold at reasonable prices.

N. B.—Physicians' and Family Prescriptions put up at any hour of the day or night by competent persons. Also at the above establishment, may at all times be found a large assortment of

Choice Family Groceries,

Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure WINES AND LIQUORS, expressly for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

CENTRAL MEDICAL COLLEGE,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Fall and Winter Course of Lectures in this Institution, will commence on the FIRST MONDAY IN NOVEMBER next, and will continue sixteen weeks. The aggregate cost of Tickets will be \$55, including Demonstrator's fee. The Graduating Class will receive the benefit of extra instructions from the Faculty, during hours not appropriated to the regular exercises of the College, as often as three times per week. The only requisites for graduation are suitable qualifications.

FACULTY.

J. R. RUSH, M. D., Professor of Special, General and Pathological Anatomy.

S. H. POTTER, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery.

S. M. DAVIS, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine and Pathology.

O. DAVIS, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children.

B. S. HEATH, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Medical Jurisprudence.

W. W. HADLEY, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Pharmacy.

*C LINCK, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Medical Botany.

†WOOSTER BEACH, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Clinical Medicine.

J. R. RUSH, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Surgical Prosecutor.

The Matriculation Ticket, \$5, and the Graduation Fee, \$15. Any student can have the privilege of attending Lectures in this Institution until he graduates, by the payment of \$100 in advance.

Good board can be had at from \$1 50 to \$2 50, per week; and Students, by clubbing together, can live well at an expense of from 50 to 75 cents per week.

A Student will be admitted to the Lectures gratuitously from each Senatorial District throughout the State, by paying only Matriculation, Demonstrator's and Graduation Fees. This arrangement gives to thirty-two Students annually, the sum of \$50 each. Those of this class are to be promising, indigent young men, of a good English education, and of a good moral character. Sons of Clergymen and Physicians will have the preference, if such apply in season. Such Students are to be recommended by a Justice of the Peace, or a Judge of the County in which they reside. They will please forward their applications as soon as the first of November next.

The Faculty being solicitous that all may enjoy the benefit of their labors, who wish, will take responsible notes on time, where persons are unable to advance the money. In such cases, ten dollars will be added to the cash price of each term.

✂ All designing to attend, will please forward their names, that we may be apprised of their coming.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.

Anatomy.—Wistar, Wilson, Quain, and Horner.

Surgery.—Druit, Liston, Cooper, Gibson, and Miller.

Theory and Practice.—Watson, Stokes & Bell, Eberle, Beach, Howard, Smith, Curtis, and Thompson.

Physiology.—Carpenter, Williams, Dunglison, and Beach.

Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.—Rigby, Beach, Curtis, and Eberle.

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*Dr. D. C. LINCK has several years past been As. Prof. of Analytical Chemistry in Cambridge University, Mass., and resigns his Chair in that Institution, and comes to Syracuse to settle permanently as the Prof. of Chemistry and Botany in Central Medical College, and is author of a work on Chemistry, and recommended in the warmest manner by Cambridge University, as well as by Dr. Liebig of Germany, his preceptor. Dr. L. is furnished with the necessary apparatus and laboratory, fully prepared to do justice to his important department.

†Dr. W. BEACH, of N. Y., is the distinguished Author of numerous Medical Works of world-wide reputation. He has recently traveled through eight or ten kingdoms in Europe, and visited nearly all the important Medical Institutions to collect information to promote the cause of scientific reform. He has engaged to be here early in the session, with a female anatomical model, made to order in Paris, diagrams, pathological drawings, &c., executed in London, and establish a Dispensary and Clinic for students, where lectures will be given on the diseases of patients present, that the students may enjoy the full benefits of his extensive research. The entire influence of Prof. B. is pledged to this College.

NOTE.—Seventy-six students have already given their names to attend the Lectures, and among the number, Mrs. B. B. Gleason, wife of Dr. Gleason, Physician to the Glen Haven Water Cure Infirmary, with a view to complete her medical education by attending two terms of Lectures, and obtaining the degree of M. D. A second Miss Blackwell. Two other ladies are expected to attend. Syracuse, Sept., 1849.

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